

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1888.

LANDMARKS OF HISTORY.*

II.

IN the second volume of his *Cyclopædia of Universal History*, Dr. Ridpath enters upon the study of what he calls the "Modern World." He treats first the invasion of the barbarian tribes of the North and the establishment of the Gothic kingdoms of Italy, France and Spain. Then in a series of brilliant chapters he discusses the strange phenomena of the rapid spread of that gloomy fanaticism which in a single century extended its baleful shadow from Bokhara to Cordova, from the Indus to the Loire. We quote a brief description of this striking event:

Sweeping like a tornado over Northern Africa on their fiery desert barbs, the cloud of Mussulman cavalry paused but briefly at the Straits of Gibraltar, and planted the crescent on European soil, there to wage deadly conflict with the cross for eight long centuries. Filling the land like an army of locusts, they found slight barriers in the Pyrenees, but swarmed across their rugged heights, till the fertile plains of France, from the Garonne to the Rhone, became subject to the sway of the Caliphs.

It was an hour of most imminent peril to Europe. Its future destiny was in the balance. It was the crisis of fate for the entire West. Would the conquering tide roll on and overwhelm the nascent nationalities that were everywhere struggling into life, or was the period of its ebb at hand? Should European cities bristle with a grove of minarets or with a forest of spires? Should the superstitions of the mufti and the Saracenic mosque

* *Cyclopædia of Universal History*: Being an account of the principal events in the career of the human race from the beginnings of civilization to the present time. From recent and authentic sources. Complete in three volumes. Imp. 8vo, 2,364 pages. By JOHN CLARK RIDPATH, LL.D., Prof. of History in DePauw University; author of *A History of the United States*, *The Life and Work of Garfield*, etc. Profusely illustrated with maps, charts, sketches, portraits, and diagrams. The Jones Brothers Publishing Co., Cincinnati

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supplant the worship of Christ beneath cathedral dome? Should the son of Abdallah or the Son of Mary receive the homage of the West? Should we to-day—for the destinies of the New as well as of the Old World were involved—be wearing the fez or turban and praying toward Mecca, or be Christian freemen? These were some of the questions depending apparently upon the issues of the hour.

The Moors meanwhile press on. They overspread the plains of Burgundy and Aquitaine, and pitch their tents on the banks of the Loire. They are already half-way from Gibraltar to the North of Scotland, to the Baltic, and to the confines of Russia. But the fiat had gone forth from the Supreme Arbiter of the destinies of the universe: Hitherto shalt thou come and no farther! Then, broken like the waters and scattered like the spray, that wave of invasion recoiled from the shock of the Christian chivalry, and ebbed away forever. Europe was safe! Charles Martel and the peers and paladins of France smote the infidels as with a hammer of destruction.

In France the Carlovingian dynasty reached its noblest development in Charlemagne, and in England the blameless king, "Alfred, the truth-teller," laid the foundations of the most stable monarchy of Europe. Then follows a thoughtful study of the development of the feudal system and its conflict with the nascent principles of civil liberty everywhere struggling into life.

In a series of graphic chapters Dr. Ridpath gives a vivid picture of that strange movement of the Middle Ages, whereby, in the words of the Byzantine Princess, Anna Comnena, all Europe was precipitated on Asia. These religious wars united the nations of the West in a grand political league long before any similar union could otherwise have taken place. They also greatly improved, or, indeed, almost created, the military organization of Europe, and inspired and fostered the spirit of chivalry in her populations. They led to the abolition of serfdom, by the substitution of martial service instead of the abject vassalage to which the masses had been accustomed. By enforcing the so-called Truce of God they prevented the pernicious practice of private warfare, and turned the arms of Christendom against the common foe. Vast multitudes were led to visit Italy, Constantinople, and the East—the seats of ancient learning, and the scenes of splendid opulence. Extended travel enlarged their knowledge of the geography, literature, natural history, and productions of foreign lands. In the East still lingered the remains of the science of the palmy days of the Caliphate. The rustic manners of the Crusaders became polished by their contact with the more refined oriental races. To the British or German knight, who had

never stirred farther from his ancestral castle than a boar hunt or a stag chase led him, what a wonder-land must Italy and the East have been, with their great cities, their marble palaces, porphyry pillars, and jasper domes ! The Crusaders, becoming acquainted with the luxuries of the Orient, discovered new wants, felt new desires, and brought home a knowledge of arts and elegances before unknown.

The result was seen in the greater splendour of the Western courts, in their more gorgeous pomp and ceremonial, and in the more refined taste in pleasure, dress, and ornaments. The miracles and treasures of ancient art and architecture in Greece and Italy, far more numerous then than now, did much to create and develop a taste for the beautiful, and to enlarge the sphere of human enjoyment. The refining influence of the East and South have left their mark in every corner of Europe, from Gibraltar to Norway, from Ireland to Hungary, from the crosses on the doors to the arabesque traceries in cathedrals and castles.

It is not wonderful that these great and stirring events, with their combined religious enthusiasm and military splendour, awoke the imagination of the poets. They gave a new impulse to thought, and a greater depth and strength to feeling. They inspired the muse of Tasso and of many a lesser bard, and supplied the theme of the great Christian epic, *Gierusalemme Liberata*.

The Crusaders, moreover, made several commercial settlements in the East, the trade of which survived their military occupation by the Latins. Thus a valuable commerce sprang up, which contributed greatly to enrich the resources, ameliorate the manners, and increase the comforts of the West.

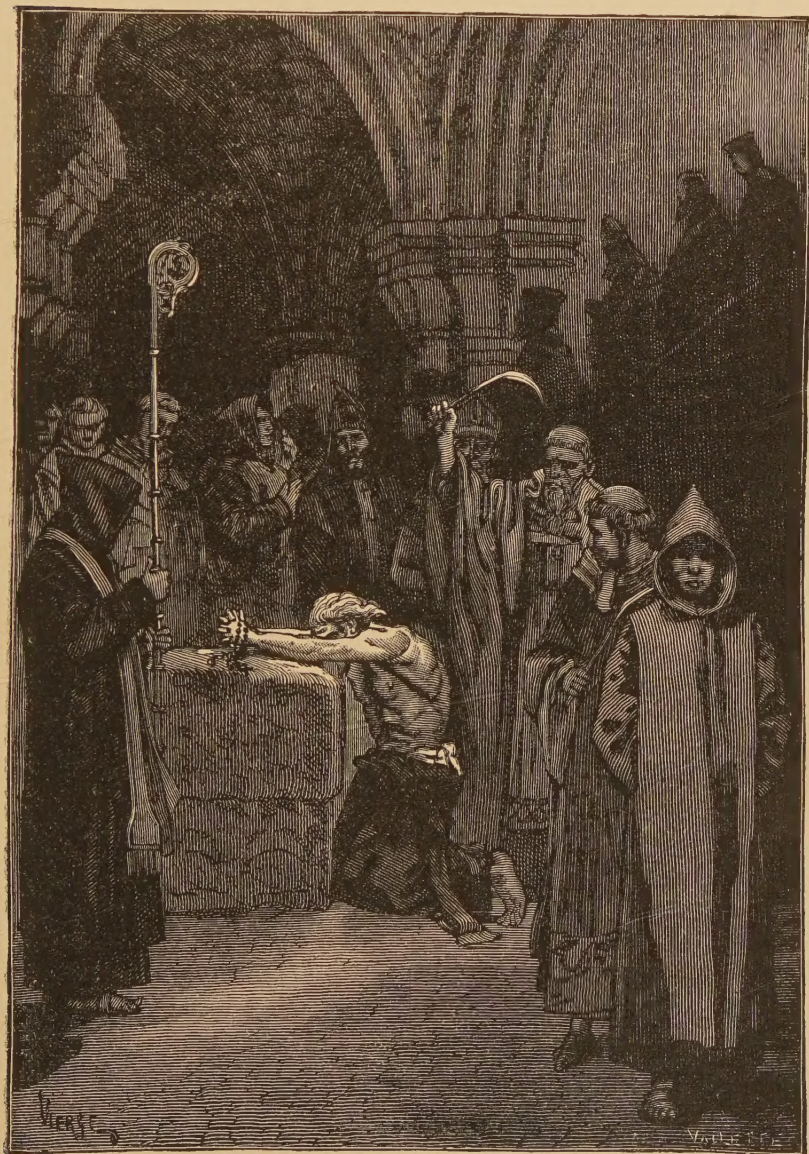
But there were grave and serious evils resulting from the Crusades, which went far to counterbalance all these advantages. The lives and labours of millions were lost to Europe, and buried beneath the sands of Syria. Many noble families became extinguished by the fortunes of war, or impoverished by the sale or mortgaging of their estates to furnish the means for military equipment. The influence of the Pope, as the organizer of the Crusades and common father of Christendom, was greatly augmented. The opulence and corruption of the religious orders was increased by the reversion to their possession of many estates whose heirs had perished in the field. Vast numbers of oriental relics, many of them spurious and absurd,

became objects of idolatrous worship. Many corruptions of the Greek Church were imitated, many Syrian and Greek saints introduced into the calendar, and many Eastern legends and superstitions acquired currency.

The mediæval history of Europe is chiefly that of kings, and courts, and camps. The great mass of the nation served but as the pawns, with which monarchs played the game of war. The intrigues of palaces have little to do with the great movements of humanity. Often the pettiness of human nature in high places is all the more conspicuous, on account of the very elevation of the platform on which the kingly puppets play their parts. The drama is sometimes amusing, sometimes trivial, and sometimes deeply tragical. One which seems to blend all three is the story of the nuptials of Charles VIII., of France, and the Princess Anna of Brittany. It reads more like a romancer's story than like a piece of sober history. The Princess had been already betrothed to the Emperor Maximilian, of Austria, and, indeed, was married by proxy, and had assumed the title of Queen of the Romans; and the Princess Marguerite, daughter of Maximilian was betrothed to Charles VIII., and actually wore the title of Queen of France. At this juncture Charles VIII. "fell politically in love with the heiress of Brittany," as Dr. Ridpath expresses it; that is he fell in love with Brittany, advanced at the head of his army and besieged its princess at Rennes. He wooed her as the lion woos his bride, and straightway married her. He not only robbed Maximilian of his bride, but grossly insulted him by the public rejection of his daughter. But statecraft rendered an open rupture inexpedient, and the Emperor's wounded honour was salved by the cession of two or three provinces with their willing, or unwilling, subjects. The great artist, De Neuville, has given a graphic illustration of the strange nuptials, half hostile menace, half persuasive intrigue. An avenging Nemesis followed this strange marriage. A reckless and wicked life impaired the health of Charles VIII. He was ingloriously defeated in battle. At the early age of twenty-eight he knocked his head against a low arch in his palace and died. His children died in infancy; the lands for which he had perjured his soul, and even his ancestral inheritance, passed away from the house of Valois forever.

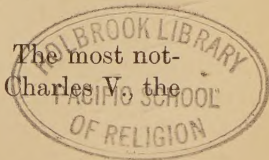
Dr. Ridpath does not fail to treat with ample fulness that great religious movement, the German Reformation, which

saved Cis-Alpine Europe from falling into the moral abyss which engulfed the Italian peninsula, during the Pontificate



CHARLES V. AT SAN YUSTE.

of Alexander VI. and his infamous successors. The most notable champion of the Papacy was the Emperor Charles V. the



most potent monarch in Europe. One of the most dramatic episodes in history is the famous Diet of Worms, when Martin Luther stood before the assembled might of the empire.

The story of the great duel between the intrepid Saxon Monk and the puissant Emperor is too familiar to now occupy our time. The great moral forces of the age were with the Reformers. The very stars in their courses seemed to fight against the supporters of the Papacy. The following is the result of the prolonged conflict, as summarised by Dr. Ridpath:

"The two prodigious schemes of Emperor Charles, to restore the union of Christendom under the Pope, and to make himself secular head of Europe, had dropped into dust and ashes. A correct picture of the workings of the mind of this cold and calculating genius, as it turned in despair from the wreck of its dreams, would be one of the most instructive outlines of human ambition, folly and disappointment ever drawn for the contemplation of men. Seeing the treaty of Augsburg, which guaranteed the Protestant liberties of Europe, an accomplished fact, the Emperor determined to abdicate. Precisely a month after the conclusion of the peace, he published an edict conferring on his son Philip II. the kingdom of the Netherlands. On the 15th of the following January he resigned to him also the crowns of Spain, Naples, and the Indies, then taking ship to the Spanish Dominions, he left the world behind him, and as soon as possible, sought refuge, from the recollection of his own glory and vanished hopes, in the monastery of San Yuste. Here he passed the remaining two years of his life as a sort of Imperial monk, taking part with the brothers in their daily service, working in the garden, submitting to flagellation—the sometime lord of the world scourged on his naked shoulders in expiation for his sins—watching the growth of his trees, and occasionally corresponding with the dignitaries of the outside world.

"Sometimes he amused himself with trifles. He was something of a mechanician, and spent days and weeks in the attempt to regulate two clocks so that they should keep precisely the same time. 'What a fool I have been,' was his comment, 'I have spent all my life in trying to make men go together, and here I cannot succeed with even two pieces of dumb machinery.' As he felt his end approaching, he became possessed with the grotesque notion of witnessing his own funeral. He accordingly had all the preparations made for that event, and the ceremony carefully rehearsed, himself taking part, joining in the chant of the requiem, and having himself properly adjusted in the coffin. A short time afterwards, namely, on the 21st of September, 1558, the rehearsal became an actual drama, and the principal personage did *not* join in the requiem. For he had gone to that land where the voice of ambition can no more provoke to action,

"'Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death.'"

No historic record presents features of more tragic and pathetic interest than that of French Protestantism. To this heroic story Dr. Ridpath does full justice. Its chief incidents may be thus summarized:

In 1521, the very year in which "the monk that shook the world" confronted the power of the Empire at Worms, the New Testament was published in French, and Lefèvre and Farel were preaching throughout France the vital doctrine of the Reformation—salvation by faith. But the new doctrines fell under the ban of the Sorbonne. The persecution which began with the burning of six Lutherans in the Place de Grève spread throughout the "infected" provinces. Thousands were massacred, towns and villages were burned to ashes, and some of the fairest regions of France were turned into a desert. But like the Israelites in Egypt, the Reformed, "the more they were vexed, the more they multiplied and grew." Before the death of Francis it was estimated that one-sixth of the population of France, and these its most intelligent artisans and craftsmen, were adherents of "the religion."

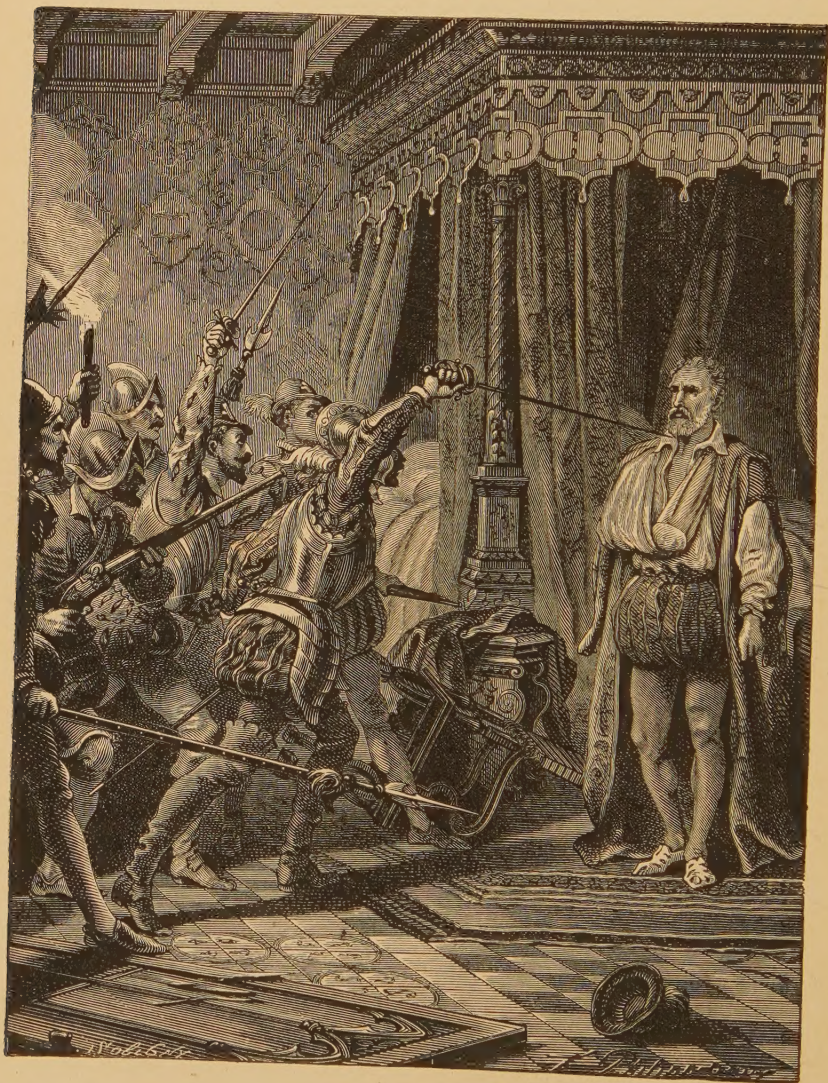
Coligny was a scion of one of the greatest families in France. His own promotion was rapid. He became in quick succession Colonel, Captain-General, Governor of Picardy and Admiral of France. While prisoner at Antwerp he lay ill with a fever for many weeks. During his convalescence he profoundly studied the Scriptures. He had always sympathized with the Reformed faith, but now he openly espoused the Calvinist Creed. He boldly cast in his lot with this despised and hated Protestant party, choosing like Moses, rather to suffer afflictions with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.

Relying on the edict of toleration, the Huguenots of Vassy were assembled one Sunday morning for worship. The Duke of Guise with his men-at-arms riding by swore that he would "Huguenot them to some purpose." With his hireling butchers he fell upon the unarmed congregation and slaughtered sixty-four and wounded two hundred. The "massacre of Vassy" was the outbreak of the civil war, which for thirty long years rent the unhappy kingdom.

As Coligny, on hearing of this massacre, pondered in his bed by night the awful issue before him, he heard his wife sobbing by his side. "Sound your conscience," he said: "are you prepared to face confiscation, exile, shame, nakedness, hunger, for yourself and children, and death at the hands of the headsman after that of your husband? I give you three weeks to decide." "They are gone already," the brave soul replied. "Do not delay, or I myself will bear witness against you before the bar of God." He cast in his lot and fortune with the persecuted religion and rode off next morning to join the Huguenot army of Condé.

Domestic bereavements one after another now befell Coligny. His two brothers—"His right and left hand" he said—died, not without a suspicion of poison; and in swift succession, his wife, his first-born son, and his beloved daughter Renée; and his château was pillaged. Still he waged, though with heavy heart, the unequalled conflict with his foes. At Moncontour a pistol shot shattered his jaw, yet he kept his saddle and brought off his army, although with the loss of six thousand men. Still his high courage faltered not, and by a decisive victory he won a full toleration for the long-persecuted Huguenots. The perfidious Catharine plied her subtlest craft, and fawned and smiled, and "murdered while she smiled." The young king seemed to give his full confidence to Coligny. His sister, the fair but frail Margaret of Valois, was given in marriage to the young

Protestant hero, Henry of Navarre ; and on the eve of the blackest crime of the age "all went merry as a marriage bell." "The cautious fish have taken the bait," exulted the treacherous Medicis. The nuptials of Navarre and Margaret of Valois, at length took place—on a great scaffold in front



ASSASSINATION OF COLIGNY.

of the even then venerable Notre Dame. Four days later, August 22nd, as Coligny was returning from a visit to the king, a shot from a window shattered his arm and cut off a finger. The king and queen-mother visited with much apparent sympathy the wounded Admiral, and disarmed

his noble nature of distrust. It was, he thought, the private malice of the Guises, his implacable foes.

The arch-conspirators, the harpy Medicis, Anjou and Guise—for the king was rather the tool than a mover of the plot—urged on the preparations for their damning crime. Under the plea of protection the Huguenots were lodged in one quarter of the city, around which was drawn a cordon of Anjou's guards. The awful eve of St. Bartholomew, August 24th, 1572 arrived. The king sat late in the Louvre, pale, trembling, and agitated; his unwomaned mother urging him to give the signal of death. "Craven," she hissed, as the cold sweat broke out on his brow. "Begin, then," he cried, and a pistol shot rang out on the still night air. He would have recalled the signal, but the "royal tigress" reminded him it was too late; and, "even as they spoke the bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois tolled heavy and booming through the darkness," and the tocsin of death was caught up and echoed from belfry to belfry over the sleeping town. Then the narrow streets became filled with armed men, shouting "For God and the king." The chief of the assassins, the Duke of Guise, with three hundred soldiers rushed to the lodgings of the Admiral. Its doors were forced. Coligny wakeful from his recent wound, had heard the tumult and was at prayer with his chaplain. "I have long been prepared to die," said the brave old man. "Save your lives if you can, you cannot save mine. I commend my soul to God." "Art thou Coligny?" demanded Besme, a bravo of Guise's, bursting in. "I am," said the hero soul. Then looking in the face of the assassin, he said calmly, "Young man, you should respect my gray hairs, but work your will; you abridge my life but a few short days." Besme plunged a sword into his breast, and the soldiers rushing in despatched him with daggers. "Is it done?" demanded Guise, from the court-yard below. "It is done, my lord," was the answer, and they threw the dead body from the window to the stone pavement. By the fitful light of a torch, Guise wiped the blood from the venerable face. "I know it," he cried joyfully, "it is he," and he spurned the dead body with his foot, and ordered the hoary head to be smitten off, that the unsexed Medicis might gloat upon it in her boudoir. What became of it is not known. One story reports that it was sent, as an acceptable present, to the Pope at Rome; another, that it took its place with those of the murdered Flemish nobles, Egmont and Horn, in Philip's cabinet at Madrid. The dishonoured body, after being dragged for two days through the streets, was hung on a gibbet. When the king came to glut his revenge by gazing on his victim, as the courtiers shrank from the piteous object, "Fie," he exclaimed in the words of the monster Vitellius, "the body of an enemy is always a pleasant sight."

Through the narrow streets rushed the midnight assassins, shouting, "Kill! kill! Blood-letting is good in August. Death to the Huguenots. Let not one escape." Candles burned in all the windows of the Catholic houses lighting the human hyenas to the work of slaughter. The sign of peace, the holy cross, was made the assassin's badge of recognition. The Huguenot houses were marked, and their inmates, men and women, maids and matrons, old age and infancy, were given up to indiscriminate massacre. The queen-mother, and her "dames of honour" from the palace windows feasted their eyes on the scene of blood, and the king himself snatching an arquebuse shot down the wretched suppliants who fled for refuge to his

merciless gates. For a week the carnival of death continued. The streets ran red with blood. The Seine was choked with corpses. Throughout the realm, at Meaux, Angers, Bourges, Orleans, Lyons, Toulouse, Rouen, and many another city and town, the scenes of slaughter were repeated



MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

till France had immolated, in the name of religion, 100,000 of her noblest sons. Young Henry of Navarre was spared only to the tears and prayers of the king's sister, his four-days' bride.

Rome held high jubilee over this deed of death. Cannon thundered, organs pealed, and sacred choirs sang glory to the Lord of Hosts for this

signal favour vouchsafed His Holy Church ; and on consecrated medals was perpetuated a memorial of the damning infamy forever. In the Sistine Chapel may still be seen Vesuri's picture of the tragedy, with the inscription—" *Pontifex Colignii necem probat*—the holy Pontiff approves the slaughter of Coligny." In the gloomy cloisters of the Escorial, the dark-browed Philip on the reception of the tidings, laughed—for the first time in his life, men said—a sardonic, exulting, fiendish laugh.

But throughout Protestant Christendom a thrill of horror curdled the blood about men's hearts. They looked at their wives and babes, then clasped them closer to their breast, and swore eternal enmity to Rome. For once the cold language of diplomacy caught fire and glowed with the white heat of indignation. At London, Elizabeth, robed in deepest mourning, and in a chamber draped with black, received the French ambassador, and sternly rebuked this outrage on humanity. Her minister at Paris, in the very focus of guilt and danger, fearlessly denounced the crime.

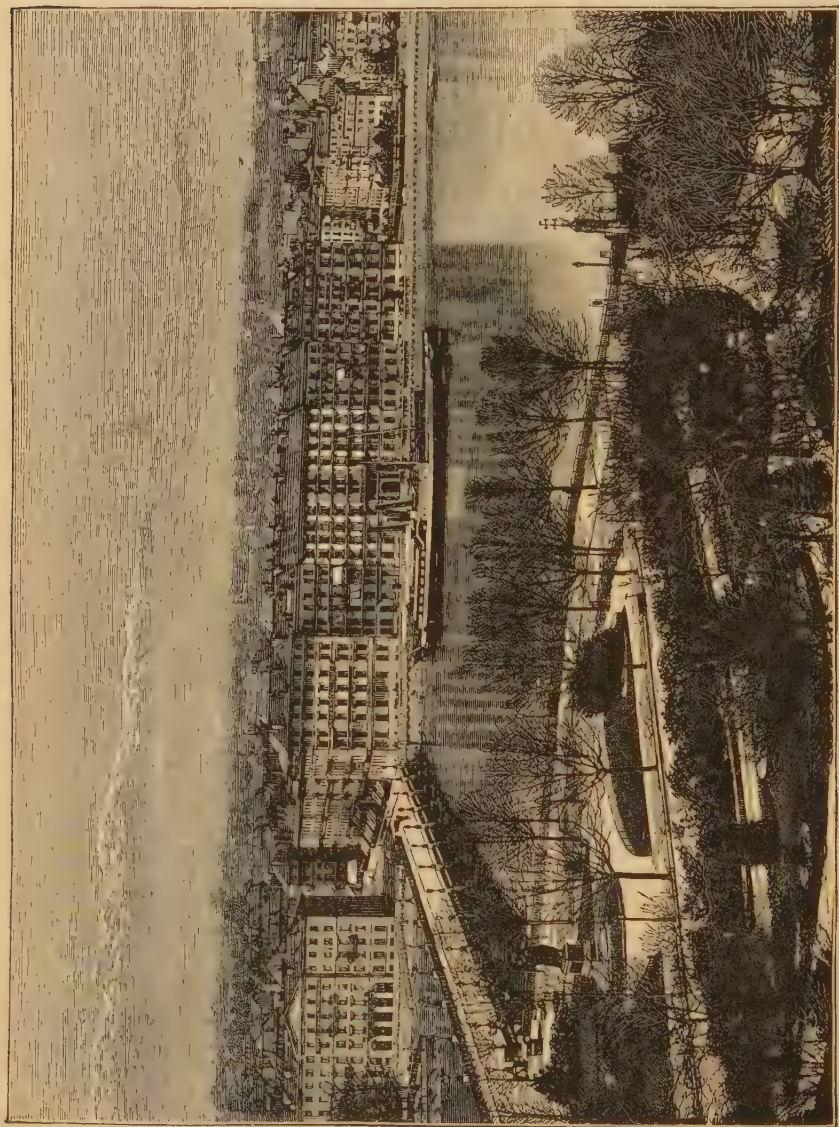
Ere long a dreadful doom overtook the wretched Charles, the guilty author, or at least instrument of this crime. Within twenty months he lay tossing upon his death couch at Paris. His midnight slumbers were haunted by hideous dreams. "The darkness"—we quote from Froude—"was peopled with ghosts, which were mocking and mouthing at him, and he would start out of his sleep to find himself in a pool of blood, blood—ever blood." The night he died, his nurse, a Huguenot, heard his self-accusations. "I am lost," he muttered ; "I know it but too well ; I am lost." He sighed, blessed God that he had left no son to inherit his crown and infamy, and passed to the great tribunal of the skies. The bloody and deceitful man shall not live out half his days. He was only twenty-four when he died.

"I fail to find," says Besant, "in any gallery of worthies in any country or any century any other man so truly and so incomparably great as Coligny. There were none like him ; not one even among our Elizabethan heroes, so true and loyal, so religious and steadfast, as the great Admiral." The world is forever ennobled, life is richer, grander, truer, our common humanity is elevated and dignified, because such as he have lived and died.

The little Swiss Republic was in those stormy days, as long before and since, the home of liberty and refuge of the persecuted, for conscience' sake, from many a land. Few places in Europe possess greater historical interest than Geneva. For centuries it has been the sanctuary of civil and religious liberty, and its history is that of the Reformation and of free thought. The names of Calvin, Knox, Beza, Farel, the Puritan exiles ; and later of Voltaire, Rousseau, Madame de Stael, and many others refugees from tyranny, are forever associated with this little republic, so small that Voltaire used to say that when he shook his wig he powdered the whole of it.

Geneva is the handsomest city for its size I have ever seen. It has less than 50,000 inhabitants, yet it abounds in splendid

streets, squares, and gardens ; public and private buildings and monuments ; and its hotels are sumptuous. It lies on either side of the rapid Rhone, where it issues from the lake. The waters



GENEVA.

are of the deepest blue, and rushes by with arrowy swiftness. It has many interesting historic buildings. As I was looking for the sexton of the cathedral, a Roman Catholic priest whom

I accosted went for the key, and himself conducted me through the building and explained its features of historic interest. It seemed to me very strange to have that adherent of the ancient faith exhibit the relics of him who was its greatest and most deadly foe. With something of the old feeling of proprietorship, he looked around the memory-haunted pile and said, proudly, yet regretfully, "This was all ours once," and he pointed in confirmation to the beautiful chapel of the Virgin and the keys of St. Peter sculptured on the walls. Then he led me to Calvin's pulpit, once the most potent and intellectual throne in Europe, and to Calvin's chair—in which I sat, without feeling my Arminian orthodoxy affected thereby—and pointed out other memorials of the great Reformer.

Near by, I visited Calvin's house in a narrow street, but his grave is unknown, as he expressly forbade the erection of any memorial. I found, too, the house of the "self-torturing sophist," Rousseau. It bore his bust and the inscription, "*Ici est né Jean Jacques Rousseau.*" On a shady island in the river, shown in our cut, is his monument—a fine bronze figure, sitting pen in hand. A reminiscence of Voltaire is the Rue des Philosophes. Near by, at Ferney, is his villa and the chapel which, with cynical ostentation—"sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer"—he built, bearing still the inscription, "*Deo erexit Voltaire.*"

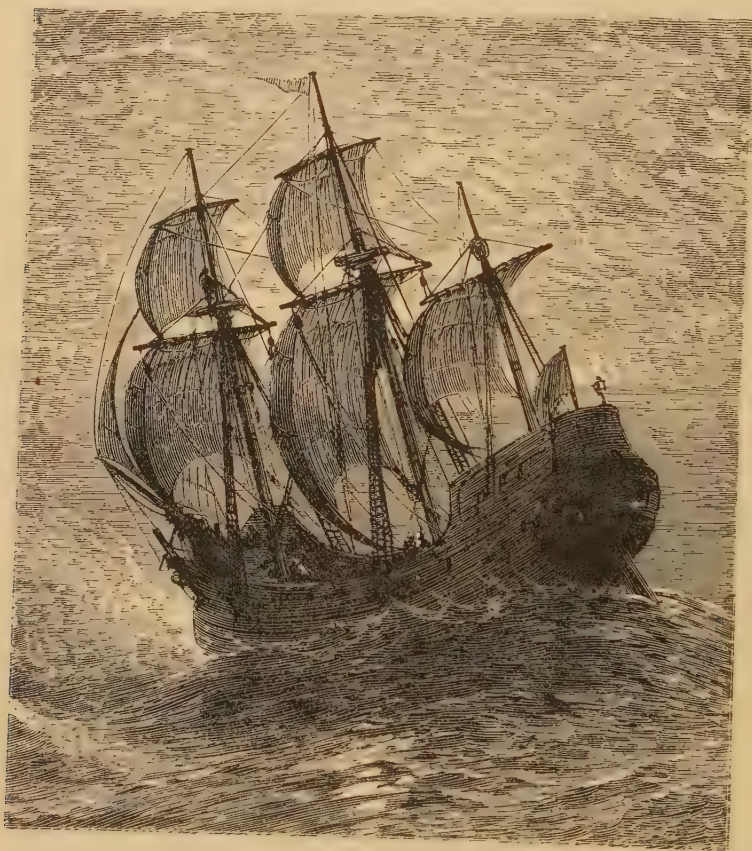
In the evening twilight I walked down the Rhone to its junction with the Arve. The former flows clear as crystal from the pellucid lake; the latter rushes turbid with mud from the grinding glaciers. For a long distance the sharp contrast between the two may be traced—"like the tresses," says the poetic Cheever, "of a fair-haired girl beside the curls of an Ethiopian; the Rhone, the daughter of Day and Sunshine; the Arve, the child of Night and Frost."

"Fair Leman woos me with its crystal face,
The mirror where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect in each trace
Its clear depths yield of their fair light and hue.
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood. . . Here the Rhone
Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have reared a throne."

The far-shining "Sovran Blanc" loomed distinctly through the air, like a visible throne of God in the heavens. While the stately architecture of the city is chiefly modern, the aspects of

nature are still the same as must have met the gaze of the exiles from many lands who found here a temporary refuge.

Our author turns with a patriotic pride from the story of persecution in the Old World, to the heroic tale of the planting of civil and religious liberty on the Western Continent.



THE "MAYFLOWER."

In the little cabin of the *Mayflower* were assembled some of the noblest and truest spirits on earth, whose names are an inspiration and a moral power for ever—the venerable Brewster, Governor Carver, and Bradford, his successor; Allerton, Winslow, the burly and impetuous Standish; Alden, the first to leap ashore and the last to survive; and the heroic and true-hearted mothers of the New England commonwealth. Before they

reached the land they set their seal to a solemn compact, forming themselves into a body politic for the glory of God, the advancement of the Christian faith, the honour of king and country, and their common welfare. "Thus," says Bancroft, "in the cabin of the *Mayflower* humanity recovered its rights, and instituted government on the basis of 'equal laws' for the general good."

The *Mayflower* soon anchored in the quiet bay, and on Christmas Day its passengers debarked, and began the building of the town of Plymouth. By the second Sunday the "Common House," some twenty feet square, was ready for worship; but the roof caught fire, and they were forced to worship beneath the wintry sky. At length, little by little, in frost and foul weather, between showers of sleet and snow, shelter for nineteen families was erected. But disease, hunger, and death, made sad havoc in the little company. "There died," says Bradford, "sometimes two or three in a day." At one time only six or seven were able to attend on the sick or bury the dead. When spring opened, of one hundred persons, scarce half remained alive. Carver, the Governor, his gentle wife, and sweet Rose Standish,

"Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed by the wayside,
She was the first to die of all who came in the *Mayflower*;"

with many another of unremembered name, were laid to rest in the "God's acre," overlooking the sea, still known as "Burial Hill." In the spring, wheat was sown over their graves "lest the Indian scouts should count them and see how many already had perished."

At length the time arrived for the departure of the *Mayflower*; and as the signal-gun of departure awoke the echoes of hill and forest—

"Ah! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of the people.
Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read from the Bible,
Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in earnest entreaty.
Then from their homes in haste came forth the Pilgrims of Plymouth,
Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the *Mayflower*,
Homeward bound o'er the seas and leaving them there in the desert.

"Meanwhile the master

Taking each by the hand, as if he was grasping a tiller,
Sprang into his boat and in haste shoved off to his vessel.
Glad to be gone from a land of sand, and sickness and sorrow,
Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel.

Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims.
O strong hearts and true! not one went back with the Mayflower!
 No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this ploughing.

"Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,
 Much endeared to them all as something living and human.
 Then, as if filled with the Spirit, and wrapped in vision prophetic,
 Baring his hoary head, the excellent elder of Plymouth
 Said, 'Let us pray,' and they prayed, and thanked the Lord and took
 courage.

Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above them
 Bowed and whispered the wheat on the field of death, and their kindred
 Seemed to wake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they
 uttered.

Sun-illuminated and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean,
 Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard ;
 Buried beneath it lay forever all hope of returning."

"WHO GIVETH SONGS IN THE NIGHT."

BY ALEX. A. B. HERD.

SONGS in the night He giveth,
 Though dark be the pathway trod ;
 Above the clouds is the bright blue sky,
 And our songs shall tell, as the night goes by,
 How the mists will lift and the shadows fly
 In the breaking day of God.

Songs in the night of sorrow,
 When the heart can only cling
 To its faith in God with a voiceless prayer ;
 Yes, songs that tell of a Father's care,
 As we lay at His feet the griefs we bear,
 Through the darkest hours shall ring.

Songs in the night of weariness,
 Of sickness, death or pain ;
 Songs that tell of a rest and peace,
 Where pain is not, where afflictions cease,
 And the wounded heart in its loneliness,
 Of a loss that is turned to gain.

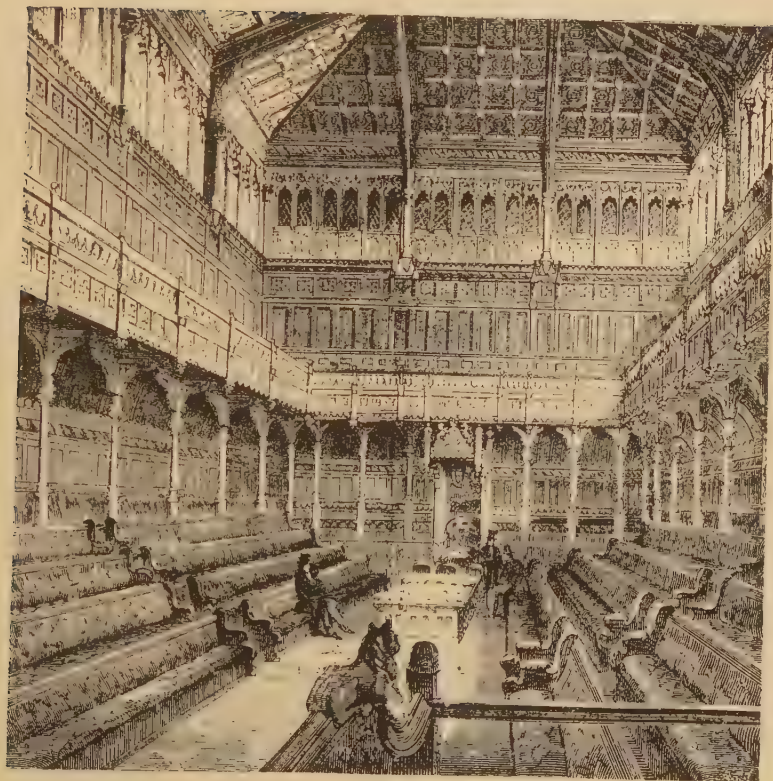
Songs in the night of evil,
 When the battle seems in vain ;
 Songs that tell, how the right shall rise
 In triumph yet while error dies,
 And the world-wide grave where the vanquished lies
 Shall smile in the light again.

Oh, that promise of God in weakness,
 It whispers the faint, be strong,
 It cheers in sorrow with hopes so bright,
 It tells in darkness of coming light,
 And bids us trust in His love and might,
 Who will gladden the night with song.

SAMENOS, B.C.

ROUND ABOUT ENGLAND.

II.



INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE great city of London would demand a volume for itself. I can give it only a few pages. Probably no city in the world abounds more in historic and heroic memories. Almost every street and square is connected with some great event in English history, or some great actor in the mighty drama of the past. Their very names as we come upon them strike us with a strange familiarity, as of places that we long had known. Many a monumental pile—perchance a palace or a prison—has been the scene of some dark tragedy, or of some sublime achieve-

ment. In the darksome crypts or quiet graveyards of its many churches sleeps the dust of many whose name and fame once filled the world. Undisturbed by the ceaseless roar and turmoil of the great city they calmly slumber on.

The most striking topographical feature of London is, of course, the winding Thames. Near its banks are grouped many of its most famous buildings, and on its bosom took place many of its most stately pageants. It will give a sort of unity to our short survey of the world-famous city to follow up this storied stream, glancing briefly at the memorable places which we pass.

It was on a bright sunny day that I visited Greenwich Hospital and park. The famous old palace dates from 1433. Here Henry VIII. and his daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, were born, and here Edward VI. died. The vast pile, with its river front of nine hundred feet, bears the impress of successive sovereigns down to the time of George III. when the royal palace became the home of two thousand seven hundred disabled sailors, with two thousand receiving out-of-door relief. It is now used chiefly as a naval college and picture gallery, in which the victories of England's wooden walls still stir the Viking blood of the old salts, who bask in the sun and fight their battles o'er again. About a thousand boys in white and blue were training for the sea, drilling and swarming like monkeys over the rigging of a great ship, high and dry on land—protected against falls by a strong netting all around its sides. The park, with its tame deer and old chestnuts, its sunny slopes and grassy glades and famous observatory is a favourite resort of hilarious holiday-makers from the town. Near by Jack Cade and Watt Tyler harangued the London mob before entering the city.

I gained the impression that Londoners are the most bibulous people I ever met. On the Thames steamers, not only was almost everybody drinking something or other, but a perambulating nuisance was pacing up and down the deck calling out, with detestable iteration "ale, brandy, gin, rum and stout," till I felt my temperance principles quite outraged.

Threading the forest of masts from almost every port, and passing the maze of docks on either hand, we reach the gloomy Tower, fraught with more tragical associations than any other structure in England, perhaps than any other in the world. Erected by the Norman Conqueror to overawe the turbulent and freedom-loving city, it was for centuries the grim instru-

ment of tyranny, and here was wreaked many a cruel deed of wrong. These stern vaults are a whispering gallery of the past, echoing with the sighs and groans of successive generations of the hapless victims of oppression. Such thoughts haunt one while the garrulous beef-eater is reciting his oft-told story of the arms and the regalia, of the Bloody Tower and Traitors' Gate, and cast their shadows of crime athwart the sunlit air.

Perhaps there is no more curious survival of ancient custom



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL—INTERIOR.

anywhere to be found than the ceremony of locking up the Tower. Every night a few minutes before the clock strikes eleven—on Tuesdays and Fridays twelve—the head-warder (yeoman porter), clothed in a long red cloak, bearing a huge bunch of keys and attended by a brother warder carrying a lantern, appears in front of the main guardhouse and loudly calls out "Escort keys!" The sergeant of the guard, with five or six men, then turn out and follow him to the outer gate, each sentry chal-

lenging, as they pass his post, "Who goes there?" "Keys." The gates being carefully locked and barred, the procession returns, the sentries exacting the same explanation as before. On its arrival once more in front of the main guardhouse, the sentry gives a loud stamp with his foot, and asks, "Who goes there?" "Keys." "Whose keys?" "Queen Victoria's keys." "Advance, Queen Victoria's keys, and all's well." The yeoman porter then exclaims, "God bless Queen Victoria!" to which the guard responds "Amen!" The officer on duty gives the

word, "Present arms!" The firelocks rattle, the officer kisses the hilt of his sword, the escort fall in among their companions, and the yeoman-porter marches across the parade alone, to deposit the keys in the lieutenant's lodgings." The ceremony over, not only is all ingress and egress totally precluded, but even within the walls no one can stir without being furnished with the countersign. But the grim old Tower has been recently fully treated in these pages.

I threaded my way through the maze of vast warehouses in Thames Street, where Chaucer lived five hundred years ago, and lunched at a little den not much larger than a packing-box, much frequented by warehouse clerks. Passing the Custom House, which employs two thousand men, and Billingsgate, the greatest fish market in the world,* we reach the Monument, which with its crest of gilded flames, commemorates the Great Fire of 1666.

To the left is London Bridge, across which pass one hundred thousand persons and twenty thousand vehicles every day—an everflowing tide of humanity which seems to know no ebb. The skill of the London Jehus and police are taxed to prevent a blockade of the immense traffic. Across the bridge stood Chaucer's Tabard Inn, and to the right is Eastcheap, the site of Falstaff's "Boar's Head Tavern." Farther on is that wonderful square in which stand the Bank, Exchange and Mansion House—the very heart of London's civic and commercial life.

Traversing the old historic Cheapside, probably the most crowded thoroughfare in the world, we reach St. Paul's, thrice burnt down and rebuilt, and associated with many of the chief events of English history. Its mighty dome dominates the entire city with a majesty surpassing even that of St. Peter's at Rome. It is the only cathedral in England not in the Gothic style, and is said, probably with truth, to be the largest Protestant place of worship in the world. The first Christian temple that crowned the hill of Ludgate is alleged to have superseded a Roman temple to Diana, and was destroyed by fire in the last year of the Conquering William. Its successor, several times damaged by the flames, was at last utterly con-

* At the Billingsgate market a wretched old woman, begging fish offal, aroused my sympathy, but a policeman told me he had seen her go into a neighbouring tavern thirty-five times in a single day. The drink problem of England is the most difficult one with which social philanthropists have to grapple.

sumed in the Great Fire. Then it was that Sir Christopher Wren, starting with the determination to "build for eternity," designed the fabric which is the noblest of all the monuments of his fertile genius. It occupied thirty-five years in building. Its length from east to west, five hundred and ten feet; its breadth, two hundred and fifty feet, and the top of the cross is three hundred and seventy feet above the pavement of the



WELLINGTON'S MONUMENT—ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

churchyard. Impressive from without, its effect can only be rightly appreciated from within, for although somewhat bare in the comparative absence of "storied urn and animated bust," the vastness of the dome is such as awe and solemnize the mind. Of all its monuments, I thought the most impressive, that of England's greatest sailor, Horatio Nelson, in the solemn crypts, and that of her greatest soldier, Arthur Wellesley, in its lofty aisle; the latter a magnificent sarcophagus beneath a marble canopy.

Under the cross of gold
 That shines over city and river,
 There he shall rest forever
 Among the wise and the bold.
 In streaming London's central roar
 Let the sound of those he wrought for,
 And the feet of those he fought for,
 Echo round his bones forever more.

From the golden gallery, four hundred feet in air, one gazes upon a denser mass of humanity and its abodes than is elsewhere, seen on earth. The crowded streets, the far-winding Thames, the distant parks and engirdling hills, make a majestic picture, whose impressiveness is deepened by the thought that the pulsations of the heart of iron throbbing in the mighty dome vibrate upon the ears of more persons than people the vast extent of Canada, from sea to sea. I was surprised to see in the churchyard, near the site of the famous St. Paul's Cross, an old-fashioned, wooden pump, which seems to have done duty from time immemorial. The strange names of Amen Corner, Ave Maria Lane and Paternoster Row commemorate the ancient sale of religious books, which still makes up much of the local trade.

Passing down Ludgate Hill, we enter Fleet Street, the heart of newspaperdom, and enter the purlieus of the law, Lincoln's Inn, and the secluded chambers and gardens of the Temple. The Temple Church, a thick-walled, round Norman structure, dating from 1185, is like a fragment of the Middle Ages in the busy heart of London. Here once preached the "judicious Hooker." On the paved floor lie stone effigies of the old Knights Templar, in full armour, with legs crossed, in token that they had fought in Palestine.

The knights are dust,
 Their swords are rust,
 Their souls are with the saints we trust.

Beside a simple slab in the churchyard, every visitor pauses with feelings of peculiar tenderness. It bears the brief, yet pregnant inscription, "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith." An old gardener showed me a tree which he said was planted by Henry VIII., under which Goldsmith and Johnson used to sit.

Passing through Temple Bar and following the Strand—so named from its skirting the bank of the river—we pass the Savoy Church, half under ground, where Chaucer was married,

and the vast Somerset House, on the site of the Protector's palace, where languished three unhappy Queens. It is now used as public offices, employs nine hundred clerks, and contains, it is said, 3,600 windows. At Charing Cross is a copy of the stone cross erected where the coffin of Queen Eleanor was set down during its last halt on the way to Westminster, six hundred years ago. Opposite is Trafalgar Square, and the noble



CLOISTERS OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Nelson's Monument, with Landseer's grand couchant lions at its base. On this grandest site in Europe is one of the ugliest buildings in existence, the National Gallery—the home of British Art!—with its paltry façade and absurd flat domes, like inverted wash-bowls. Right opposite is Whitehall—named from England's once grandest palace. Only the Banqueting Hall now remains. Here Wolsey gave his splendid fêtes; here the Royal voluptuary, Henry VIII., fell in love with the hapless Anne

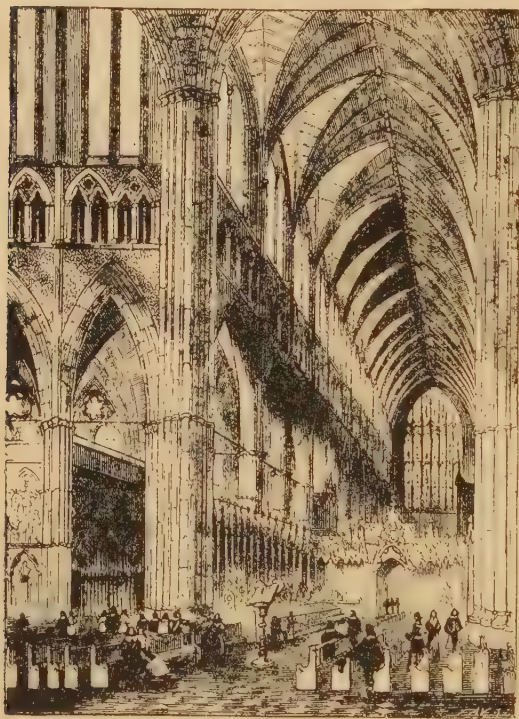
Boleyn; and here Charles I. stepped from the palace window to the scaffold. Here the bard of *Paradise Lost* wrote Latin despatches for the Great Protector, who died within these walls; here Charles II. held his profligate court, and here he also died. The Hall is now a Royal chapel. I arrived late for service and found it locked; a little persuasion induced the guardian to open the door; but the haunting memories of the grand old hall, I am afraid, distracted my mind from the sermon.

Across the street is the Horse-Guards, with its statue-like mounted sentries, and the splendid new Government Offices flank-

ing each side of Downing Street, from whence has been ruled, for a hundred years, a Colonial Empire vaster than that of Rome in its widest range.

Passing through a narrow street, we come upon one of the grandest groups of buildings in the world—the venerable Westminster Abbey, St. Margaret's Church, and the new Palace of Westminster. Of course the Abbey first challenges our atten-

tion. Grand and gloomy and blackened by time with out, it is all glorious within—a Walhalla of England's mighty dead. The clustering shafts springing toward the sky, and the groined arches leaping from their summit and supporting the sky-like vault overhead, must kindle in the coldest nature a religious aspiration. Then it is hoary with the associations of at least eight hundred years. I saw the crumbling effigies in the cloisters of



INTERIOR OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

the Norman Abbots, from A.D. 1068-1214. The pious hands that carved the fret-work I beheld, had mouldered to dust eight hundred years ago. A full choral service was rendered—the sublime anthems pealing through the vaulted aisles, as they have for so many centuries. The retention of so much of the old Roman liturgy in the Anglican services, is an illustration of the conservative tendency that characterizes the English treatment of all ancient institutions. And all around were England's mighty dead, laid to rest in this great Walhalla of

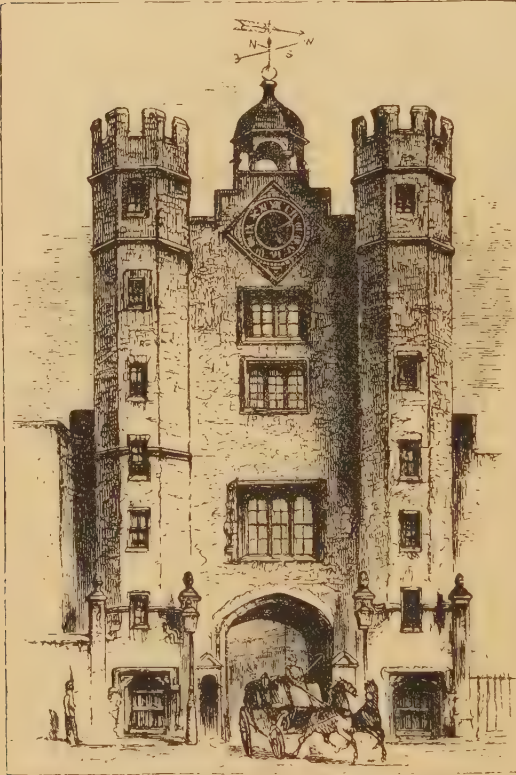
of the nation—her kings and warriors, and statesmen; and mightier than they, her kings of thought and literature—the anointed priests and sages and seers of the “Poet’s Corner,” in which I sat, who still rule our spirits from their sceptred urns. I stood with feelings strangely stirred before the tombs or cenotaphs of the genial Chaucer, father of English verse; of Spenser, “the prince of poets of his tyme,” as his epitaph reads; of Johnson, “O rare Ben;” of Cowley, Dryden, Addison, Southey, Campbell, Newton, Wilberforce, Macaulay, Lytton, Thackeray, Livingstone, and many another, whose written words have often given instruction or delight.

A very courteous and clerical looking verger, wearing a much be-frogged gown, escorted our party through the chapels. I only discovered that he was not the Dean or Canon by the promiscuous manner in which he dropped his h’s. After he had parroted his piece, I asked permission to stroll through the chapels alone. It was kindly accorded, and for hour after hour I mused amid the mouldering effigies of the kings, and queens, and princes, and nobles who slumber here. The exquisite stone fretwork of Henry VII.’s chapel can scarcely be over-praised. But its chief interest is in the tombs of two women, “not kind though near of kin”—the proud and lonely Queen Elizabeth, who found her crown but a gilded misery; and the beautiful and unhappy Mary Stuart, who, even in prison and on the scaffold, commanded the homage of thousands of leal hearts. Here, too, are the tombs of many of England’s sovereigns from the time of Edward the Confessor, who died eight hundred years ago. Beneath those moth-eaten banners and their fading escutcheons and crumbling effigies, they keep their solemn state in death. Above the tomb of Henry V. hangs the armour which he wore at Agincourt, the helmet still exhibiting the gash made by a French battle-axe. The Coronation Stone, affirmed to have been Jacob’s pillow at Bethel, is geologically identical with the Scottish stratum at Scone, whence it last came.

The Chapter House of the Abbey, a large and lofty octagonal room, from 1282 to 1547 was the Commons Chamber of England—the cradle of Constitutional Government, and the scene of some of the stormy conflicts by which were won the civil liberties we now enjoy.

From this chamber it is an easy transition to the New Palace of Westminster, where the great council of the nation is royally housed.

This stately pile is probably the largest Gothic edifice in the world, and in its symmetry and composition no less than in its imposing proportions, is a not an unworthy home of the Mother-Parliament of the world. Covering an area of nearly nine acres, it presents to the Thames a frontage of almost one thousand feet, and contains between five hundred and six hundred distinct apartments, with two miles of corridors. One of



GATEWAY, ST. JAMES' PALACE, LONDON.

the finest features of the pile is the Victoria Tower—the loftiest and largest square tower in the world, being seventy-five feet square, and having a height of three hundred and thirty-six feet to the top of the pinnacle! Small as it may look from below, the flag-staff at the top is one hundred and ten feet high, and at the base three feet in diameter, and the flag which it on occasions flaunts is sixty feet by forty-five feet.

The Clock Tower, at the other end of the building, three hundred and twenty feet high, is famous both for its associations with unruly members, and for its four-faced clock, the largest in England. The pendulum is fifteen feet long; the minute-hand measures sixteen feet, and its point every hour completes a circle seventy-two feet in circumference.

The architecture of this sumptuous pile is the finest civil gothic structure in the world, a little overladen with ornament.

perhaps, and already crumbling beneath the gnawing tooth of the *Edax rerum*, but grander than aught else I ever saw. Parliament had risen, so I could only see the empty seats of the great athletes who fight the battles of the Titans in the grandest deliberative assembly in the world.

The adjacent great Westminster Hall, with its open oaken roof six hundred years old, was the scene of some of the most important events in the history of the nation. Here many of



PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE, SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

the earlier parliaments were held; here Charles I. was condemned to death; and here Cromwell, throned in more than royal state, was saluted by the proud name of Protector. Among all the statues of the kings, princes and nobles in Westminster Abbey and Palace, there is not found one the peer of the mightiest of them all—the man who found England well nigh the basest of kingdoms and raised her to the foremost place in Europe. In the Abbey I saw the spot from which the embalmed body of Cromwell was rifled, and then the pinnacles

of this same Hall on which his head was long exposed to sun and shower. At length in a storm it was blown to the ground, picked up by a sentry, concealed in his house, and now—strange irony of history—is preserved, it is said, at Seven-oaks, in Kent.

Diverging to the right from the river, we may pass through St. James', Green and Hyde Parks, to the wilderness of fashionable West-end squares and the historic royal residences of Buckingham, Kensington and St. James Palaces. The gateway of the latter, shown in cut on page 122, was designed by Holbein. Here Queen Mary died, and in its chapel Charles I. attended service on the morning of his execution. Here lived William III., Queen Anne, and the four Georges. Here Queen Victoria was married, and here she holds her court drawing rooms and levees. Hence the title "Court of St. James."

Our last engraving shows the main entrance to the South Kensington Museum—one of the noblest institutions in the world for the education of the people. We went one day, intending to spend a few hours, but we found it so instructive that we had to make three successive visits. This stately Norman door shows that modern architecture has lost nothing of the boldness, and strength, and impressiveness of the ecclesiastical architecture of the so-called "Age of Faith."

LEAD THEM HOME.

LORD, we can trust Thee for our holy dead :
 They, underneath the shadow of Thy tomb,
 Have entered into peace : with bended head,
 We thank Thee for their rest, and for our lightened gloom.

But, Lord, our living—who, on stormy seas
 Of sin and sorrow, still are tempest-tossed !
 Our dead have reached their haven, but for these—
 Teach us to trust thee, Lord, for these, our loved and lost !

For these we make our passion-prayer by night ;
 For these we cry to Thee through the long day.
 We see them not—oh, keep them in Thy sight !
 From them and us be Thou not far away.

And if not home to us, yet lead them home
 To where Thou standest at the heavenly gate ;
 That so from Thee, they shall not farther roam ;
 And grant us patient hearts Thy gathering time to wait.

—*Sunday Magazine.*



IN THE DESERT.

VAGABOND VIGNETTES.

BY THE REV. GEO. J. BOND, B.A.

II.

THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS.

ON the morning after our arrival in Cairo, we drove to the citadel. This strong and massive fortress, built by Saladin on the slope of the Mokattam Hills, commands a splendid view over the crowding roofs of the city, and for many miles on either side of it over the valley of the Nile. It is a strong position, but of little strategic worth unless the higher slopes behind it were also held, and it now forms the headquarters of the British troops. Apart from the view, which is, as I have said, magnificent, it possesses a tragic interest in being associated with the atrocious murder of the Mameluke Beys by the Pacha Mehemet Ali.

This remarkable man, originally an Albanian peasant, came to Egypt in 1799 at the head of an Albanian regiment, and siding with the British against Napoleon, assisted them materially in driving the French troops from the country.

Having gained considerable influence thereby, he ultimately succeeded, by alliance with the Mamelukes, in becoming Viceroy. He then turned against the fierce soldiers by whose choice and aid he had climbed to power, and, unable to quell them by fair means, had recourse to the basest treachery.

He invited four hundred and seventy of them, the flower of their chivalry, to a conference in the citadel. They came, a splendid array, on their magnificent horses, armed from head to foot, and rode into the enclosure. Immediately the portcullis clanged down behind them, and they turned to find themselves caught like animals in a trap. Then from every side hidden foes poured upon them a fire of musketry, and in a few minutes horses and riders lay a weltering heap upon the pavement. Of all that gallant band but one survived. Spurring his horse over the bodies of his companions, he gained the parapet and sprang into the air. Down, down over the precipice, went horse and rider, falling in a heap at the foot of the rock, but the Mameluke arose unhurt from the body of his

crushed and dying horse, escaped amid a shower of bullets to the sanctuary of a mosque, and ultimately found safety in the deserts of Thebes. To this day the traveller gazes in horror over the precipice where Emin Bey took his awful leap.

The citadel contains the most beautiful, in some respects, of all the mosques of the East. It is built largely of alabaster,

exquisitely veined, and it is said all Egypt was taxed to furnish the enormous cost when Mehemet Ali erected it. The interior, though dark, as indeed is the case with all the mosques, is very beau-



WHIRLING DERVISH AND ARAB CHIEF.

tiful. The great height of the central dome, the combined simplicity and solidity of the style, and the superb material employed in the building, the spacious, marble-paved floor covered with the richest carpets and unembarrassed by pew or seat of any kind, all unite in enhancing the effect.

On the day after our arrival in Cairo, we drove in the afternoon to two of the sights of the city, only to be seen on

Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath. I mean the Whirling and Howling Dervishes.

In a spacious but shabby building, utterly unadorned, where, in a sort of balcony, some monotonous music was being performed, and encircled already by a large number of tourists, a company of dervishes were in motion. There were perhaps a dozen of them or more, in no wise remarkable in appearance or dress save for the high, light-brown conical cap peculiar to

their order. An old man—a sheikh—stood gravely at one point within a low circular railing, while, moving in a circle in front of him, each bowing low as he passed him, the other dervishes kept up a rhythmic and continuous movement, which gradually quickened as the strains of the music grew louder and faster. More and more loudly and rapidly came the notes from the gallery; more and more rapidly turned the dervishes, until, at length, breaking out of the order of the hollow circle, they began to spin upon their toes with inconceivable rapidity, their



STREET LEADING TO A MOSQUE IN CAIRO.

loose garments standing out around them, their arms extended, one slightly above the other, and their heads resting on one shoulder. How it ended I do not know, for we left them spinning like so many animated tops, and hurried off to another and distant mosque to see the Howlers.

We found them in a dingy building, surrounded like the others by a ring of tourists. There was about the same num-

ber, too, but their appearance was far wilder and lower than that of the Whirlers. They wore no caps, and the hair of some of them was long, like a woman's. Several of them were quite young men. They were grouped in a semi-circle, and as we came in were slowly bowing their heads backwards and forwards in time to music, uttering meanwhile a groaning expiration with every forward inclination. Gradually the rapidity of music and motion increased, while the groaning sounds became louder and louder, until, at length, amid a hideous pounding of drums, and jangling of the other instruments, their heads flew backwards and forwards with fearful force, the long hair streaming out horizontally with every motion, the groaning growing more and more animal-like, until, in one or two instances, a paroxysm of nervous excitement was induced, which made it necessary that they should be held. Then in a few minutes more all was quiet, and they, panting and perspiring, were coiling up their long hair and dispersing for what, I presume, they thought was well-earned repose.

The old sheikh at the door received a huge handful of silver from the departing spectators; and here, as in the case of the Whirlers, it was impossible not to feel that there was a good deal done for show, although these performances are carried on all the year round, and not merely in the tourist season. Show or reality, it was a painful sight, strange, sad, and humiliating in the extreme, viewed in the light of nineteenth century civilization, and in the light of the religion of Christ.

Many will have heard of the great Mohammedan University of Cairo, the focus-point, as it is said to be, of the propagandism and fanatic zeal of the followers of Islam. We went to see it one morning, warned beforehand by our guides that we would need to be careful neither by word or gesture to arouse any feeling of resentment, or give occasion for any fierce outburst of mad hatred of the Giaour. In a huge, dingy, dilapidated-looking mosque, whose lofty roof is said to be supported by four hundred pillars, the base of every pillar the centre of a group of students squatting in semicircle around a teacher, were some thousands of turbaned figures listening intently to the venerable-looking men who were apparently reading and expounding to them. As we threaded our way from group to group, eyes would glance up for a moment, sometimes with anything but a friendly expression, and as we passed more than once a suppressed hiss came from one or other over-zealous.

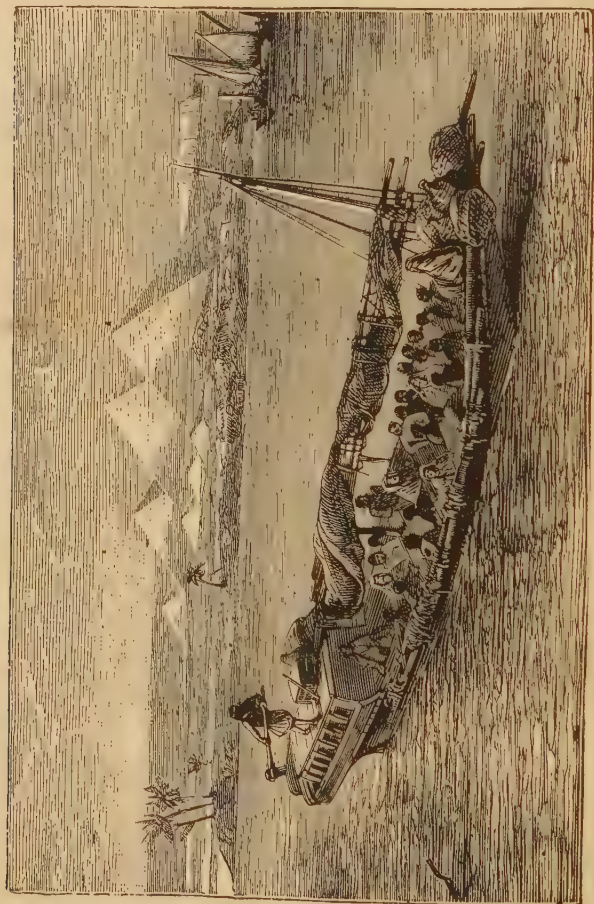
hatred of the Frank. It was a wonderful sight, those thousands of squatting, swaying students, those hundreds of hoary professors, that evident intentness and business-like earnestness. There seemed to be all grades in the college, from the matured student of theology and jurisprudence down to the urchin in first principles. Bitter as they appeared to be, they showed a wonderful alacrity, in the lower departments at least, in parting with their writing tablets and tattered text-books for a few piastres of baksheesh.

This is a wonderful centre of Mohammedanism, undoubtedly. It is nine hundred years older than Oxford University, and its students are gathered not merely from Egypt, but from far-off places in Africa.

Its professors support themselves by private teaching, and its students do the same when they can manage it, and depend upon the charities of the faithful when they cannot. It has been much spoken of recently in connection with the extravagant and ill-founded statements of Canon Taylor as to the spread of Mohammedanism in Africa and Asia, and the part which it was supposed to play as the propaganda of the Prophet. As this paper of the Canon's has created an extraordinary amount of interest and is cited as authoritative, it may not be out of place for me to quote here the words of General Haig, who was sent out by the Church Missionary Society some time ago to investigate the state of Egypt and the Soudan. He says: "I had heard before going to Egypt that there is an active propaganda for the spread of Islam in Central Africa, in connection with the great El Azhar mosque and college. A very intelligent sheikh, or doctor, of that college assured me that such is not the case. He had never heard of missionaries being sent out from the college to spread the faith anywhere, and did not believe that there was any such organization for Central Africa. The number of students in the College is, indeed, very large at times—as many as eight thousand—but this only *just before a conscription*, the object being to avoid enlistment, all students being exempted. At other times the number is much smaller. The course extends over eight years, and comprises reading and writing, the Koran, grammar, jurisprudence, logic, but no arithmetic beyond the first three rules, no mathematics, no science of any kind, no history. The great majority of the students go through no examination. About six degrees are conferred annually, and

those who receive them leave the college, as a rule, ignorant, perverted, conceited bigots.

"I believe that the information I received from this sheikh was correct, and it was confirmed by Mr. Klein. Mohammedan missionary zeal is, I suspect, a thing of the past. There may be



ON THE NILE.

intense belief and a desperate clinging to the tenets of Islam, but *hope* for its extension in the world has long since died out in the minds of the more intelligent and thoughtful. That disappeared when the sword was struck out of its hand, for with Mohammedanism propagandistic zeal and political power have ever gone together. The question rather is how to arrest the inevitable process of decay which takes place wher-

ever it comes in contact with Western civilization. 'Moslems!' said an educated and thoughtful Mohammedan to me at Suez, '*there are no Moslems now*; they have long since departed from the teachings of the Koran, and are become like the Kaffirs. Mohammedanism may still be spreading among the simple fetish worshippers of Central Africa by such means as Arab merchants and slave raiders know how to employ; but even there it must nearly have reached its utmost limits.'"

One brilliant morning we drove to the side of the great bridge of Kasr-el-Nil, and embarked on the steam dahabeah, "Prince Abbas," for a short trip up the Nile to the usual landing place for travellers to the ancient Pyramids of Sakkarah. The hot sun poured down upon the river, lighting up on the left hand, as we ascended it, the crowding domes and minarets of Cairo, and the long, low, white ranges of the Mokattam Hills; on the other, green fields, groves of waving palms, and the sharp outlines of the Pyramids of Ghizeh on the edge of the Great Libyan Desert. It was a charming sail. The boat was crowded with English, Continental and American tourists, bound like ourselves for Sakkarah, and enjoying, beneath the awnings that shielded us from the sun-glare, the exhilarating atmosphere and the marvellous panorama through which we swept. Every now and then we glided by the native boats, manned with quaint figures—their huge, white, lateen sails filled with wind and glistening in the sunshine giving them, in the distance, the appearance of mammoth swans, until, after a sail of perhaps a couple of hours, we reached our destination to find the bank lined with a curious vociferating crowd of donkey-boys, while their patient animals browsed and brayed hard by.

Amid a perfect Babel we disembarked, and were provided with donkeys for the long ride to Sakkarah. I was fortunate enough to have allotted to me a strong and very respectable donkey, whose stalwart driver divided his attention between the beast which carried me and the beast which carried some other of the party. With the tripod of my camera in his hand, he alternated his encouragements between them, keeping well up with the trot which is, when insisted upon, their normal gait. And so, across the long, winding causeway which leads from the Nile bank to the site of ancient Memphis, we travelled on; here, a lady with a huge sketch-book tremblingly entrusted to her attendant; there, a French exquisite, with huge and

costly camera immensely too large for tourist comfort and convenience; here, a solemn Englishman sitting upon his donkey with the imperturbable gravity of a nervous but not-to-be-frightened Briton; there, an American from the far west, his swarthy features aglow with fun as he chaffed his donkey-boy in the most nasal of tones, and apostrophized his donkey with Mark Twain-like nicknames.

By and by, we reach a cluster of palms near the low, dark hovels of an Arab village, and around are the mounds that form the grave of the famous and long-buried city of Memphis. It is a scene of utter desolation. Of all its "temples, palaces and piles stupendous," not one remains above the ground. The destruction is utter and overwhelming. One only monument of its former might remains, a mammoth statue of Rameses the Great, prone upon its face, in a mud-hole. It is the property of the British Government, and the British engineer soldiers were hard at work endeavouring to raise it, as we rode up and halted to gaze for a minute at the mighty statue. Forty feet in height and carven out of a single block of granite, it is still almost perfect and wonderfully full of vigour and life.

Again mounting our donkeys and skirting the village, we came at length to the drifting sands of the desert border, and after a toilsome mile or two through them, arrived at the pyramids. Here Mariette Bey, the great founder of the Egyptian National Museum, had built a house years ago to live in, I presume, during his exploration of the adjacent antiquities, and at this house we halted for our mid-day meal. The Pyramids of Sakkarah are different from those of Ghizeh in that they are built not of stone but of sun-dried brick, and built in the form of steps. The largest of them, indeed, is called the Pyramid of Steps. Of one of them, according to Herodotus, King Asychis was the builder. "Wishing," says that historian, "to surpass all the kings who had reigned in Egypt before him, he left for a monument a pyramid of brick with this inscription: 'Despise me not in comparing me with the pyramids of stone. I am as much above them as is Amnon above the other gods, for I have been built with bricks made with the mud brought up from the middle of the lake.' This is the most notable thing that Asychis did."

At no great distance from the pyramids is the entrance to the famous Tombs of the Bulls—vast subterranean catacombs built to receive the mummies of the sacred bulls which formed one

of the chief objects of worship in the ancient Egyptian circle of divinity. It will be remembered that the Apis, or divine bull, was worshipped as a symbol of the god Osiris. At one time forty-two temples stood in Egypt to his honour, the three most celebrated being at Alexandria, Canopus and Memphis. "He was attended," says Adams, "by a retinue of priests, and sacrifices of red oxen were offered to him. All his changes of appetite, his movements and choice of places, were closely watched as oracular. He was not allowed to live longer than twenty-five years. If he died a natural death before that age, his body was embalmed as a mummy and laid away in the subterranean tombs; otherwise, he was secretly put to death, and buried by the priests in a sacred well. A new animal was then sought for. He was obliged to be marked with a white square on his forehead, an eagle on his back, and a knot like a cantharus under his tongue. When found, he was conveyed with great pomp to Heliopolis, where he remained forty days, attended by women, and was then removed to Memphis." In the vast corridors of this extraordinary catacomb were chambers containing massive sarcophagi of polished granite, every one of which had, long ages ago, been broken into and rifled, but which once contained the mummies of the bulls.

Not far from the Tombs of the Bulls is another large building, a tomb called the House of Ti, on the walls of which are vivid pictures, bright as though painted yesterday, of the daily interests and activities of the times so long gone by.

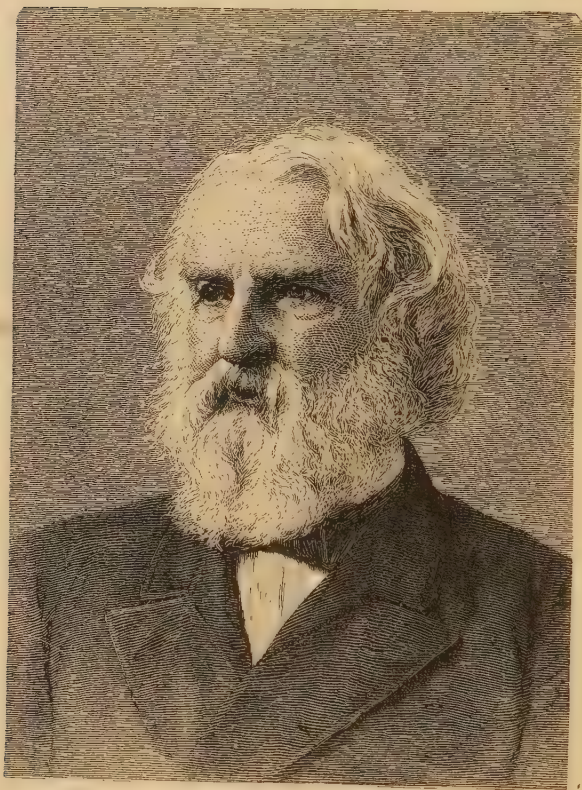
It was a scene of utter desolation; the vast empty tombs and chambers, the boundless stretch of dreary sand, the heaps of chaotic debris, graves of a dead and buried past, the awful silence and loneliness that even in the bright sunlight sent us back to Cairo with something of oppression and gloom in our hearts, if not on our faces.

SUNDAY.

AGAIN returns the day of holy rest,
Which, when He made the world, Jehovah blest;
When, like His own, He bade our labours cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.
Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn His will, and all we learn, obey;
So shall He hear, when fervently we raise
Our supplications, and our songs of praise.

LONGFELLOW.*

BY THE REV. R. WALTER WRIGHT.



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

I AM standing at the great entrance of a magnificent temple. It is built in various styles of architecture, Greek, Roman, Anglo-Saxon, Norman, Gothic, Transitional, and Renaissance, but all so deftly blended as to form one imposing and harmo-

*"Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow." With Extracts from his Journals and Correspondence. Edited by Samuel Longfellow. Two volumes. Boston: Ticknor & Company. 1886.

The firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Longfellow's publishers, issue his poems in many editions, from the high-priced illustrated quarto to the cheap pocket volume.

nious structure. I pass into the great corridor thronged with statues of human forms, beautiful and instinct with life, as if fresh from the chisel of Phidias or Praxiteles, but withal their faces their attitudes are so familiar that they seem a company of chosen friends. I am invited to enter one wing more modern than the rest. I miss the exquisite classical creations, the shadows of hoar antiquity which superstition and song have combined to make so fascinating, yet here everything is so new, so sparkling, so absorbing in its interest that I forget the Paradise of the Past to dream of the Paradise of the Future.

One hall is especially attractive, and here I stay to study, to contemplate, to bathe my soul in its light and beauty. This vast and wonderful temple before which I stood, into which I entered, is the temple of English literature; this modern wing is the department of American letters; this hall which lures me is the shrine of American poetry. Delightful paintings everywhere adorn the walls. Here is one, a patriarchal form, with flowing beard and snowy locks. It is William Cullen Bryant, bard of sweet simplicity yet lofty contemplation. Around him throng the children of his brain, "Thanatopsis," "The Prairies," "Lines to a Waterfowl," and "The Death of Slavery." Here a thoughtful face and flashing eye attracts us—John Greenleaf Whittier, poet of eternal truth and strong religious feeling, whose passionate anti-slavery lyrics leaped from a fiery heart like red-hot lava from a volcano. "Voices of Freedom," "Ichabod," "Snow-bound," and "Maud Muller," gleam on the surrounding canvas.

Here is the reflective philosopher-like face of an idealist. Who could it be but Ralph Waldo Emerson—heretic, and transcendentalist, a kind of modern Neo-Platonist, a mighty genius, many of whose sayings are "jewels on the stretched fore-finger of all time." Like emanations from the world-soul stand his "Wood-notes," his "Threnody," his "Song of Nature." Here is a finely modelled head, a face of ideal intellect, yet scornful and defiant. It is Edgar Allan Poe, the gifted, the unique, the erratic, the unfortunate Poe—his life a tremendous tragedy. Here beside his picture sits "The Raven," here "Annabel Lee," with her sweet, pale face, and here looms up "The City in the Sea." A great beaming, manly countenance meets our eye, James Russell Lowell, the original, humorous, highly-cultured poet, professor and statesman; and round him laugh

and sing "The Changeling," "The Biglow Papers," and "The Commemoration Ode." Minor pictures are here which we have no time to describe. We barely mention Oliver Wendell Holmes, Walt Whitman, Bayard Taylor, Nathaniel Parker Willis, Lydia Sigourney.

But we must not fail to notice that one yonder at the head of the gallery, in the chiefest place of honour; a face strong and contemplative, yet most happy and most human—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the familiar singer of the household, the ever welcome, the best beloved, the mighty master, who touched so surely, so sweetly the sacred chords of sympathy, of brotherhood, of hope.

"His gracious presence upon earth
Was like a fire upon the hearth;
As pleasant songs, at morning sung,
The words that dropped from his sweet tongue
Strengthened our heart; or heard at night
Made all our slumbers soft and light."

We turn to his life—a life full of interest, though supremely that of a man of letters who put the best of himself into his books. Born in Portland, State of Maine, on the 27th of February, 1807, in a house by the sea-shore, he inherited from his mother his romantic and imaginative nature; from his father, an able lawyer, his high integrity and solid common sense. His boyhood was not remarkable. An active rogue, fond of drums and tin guns, with blue eyes and rosy cheeks, quick-tempered, kind-hearted—these words would describe many a lad who never became a nation's chiefest bard. Reminiscences of his early days shine out in his beautiful verses, "My Lost Youth."

A graduate, in 1825 of Bowdoin College, where Hawthorne, the novelist, and it appears, our own late lamented General Superintendent, Rev. Dr. Rice, were fellow-students, so marked were his literary tastes and attainments, that soon after we find him offered the professorship of Modern Languages in his *Alma Mater*. A boy of nineteen, we soon find him on his way to Europe to fit himself for his work. Passing through Philadelphia, he saw the hospital, scene of the last sad meeting of Evangeline and Gabriel. In "Outre-Mer, a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea," his first prose book, we have a sketch of his travels in France, Spain, and Italy, whose languages he studied, and whose romantic beauty he inhaled with the enthusiasm of a

troubadour. Spain, land of pride and poverty, of ancient majesty and power, of present superstition and degradation, held him with the spell of an enchantress. Read his "Castles in Spain." With his keen eye for the pure and beautiful, he picked up some rare gems of devotional poetry, among others Lope de Vega's remorseful sonnet, "To-morrow."

His cordiality and sympathy made him a popular Professor at Bowdoin. In 1831 he was married to Miss Mary Storer Potter, daughter of a Portland judge. It is said that the chivalrous feeling towards women was all his life characteristic of him, he regarded them as something enshrined and holy, and "when-ever he spoke to a woman it was as if he were offering her a bouquet of flowers." After five and a half years at Bowdoin he resigned, to take the professorship at Harvard University. Again we find him in Europe, studying the German and Scandinavian tongues. Accompanied by his wife, he visited Thomas Carlyle in London, and carried away some memories of his unpolished manners and beautiful thoughts. "The Children of the Lord's Supper," "The Challenge of Thor," and "King Christian," were inspired by his travels in the north. In Rotterdam a crushing sorrow overwhelmed him. She who is commemorated in that most touching poem, "Footsteps of Angels,"

"The Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven,"

after four years of happy wedded life, was stricken from his side. Soon after his dearest friend died,

"He, the young, the strong who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the wayside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life."

Over this poem, when first written, Mrs. Felton "cried like a child." Many a tear-dimmed eye has read it since. In "Hyperion" we have the sadness, the romance, the rich experiences of this visit to the Old World. On a marble tablet on the St. Gilgen chapel wall he found the motto of his book: "Look not mournfully into the past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart." The first chapter refers to his lost wife, "The setting of a great

hope is like the setting of the sun." He pictures a man whose "household gods are broken." Paul Fleming is the poet himself, Mary Ashburton, the lady who years afterwards became his second wife.

In 1836 he was settled in Cambridge, in the historic Craigie House, where henceforward he studied and wrote and entertained his friends. The first poem written here was "Flowers;" the second the famous masterpiece, "The Psalm of Life." It has been said that if its ideas have become commonplace, it is the poem itself which has made them so. It thrilled the hearts of the young men of its age like the blast of a bugle. We are told of a class-mate of Sumner's saved from suicide by reading it; of a dying soldier before Sebastopol repeating the line,

"Footprints on the sands of time;"

of a venerable official in the siege of Paris saved from despair and insanity by translating it into French. Who is the psalmist here? The writer of this psalm; his own despondent self was answered by his own young and better heart. Here is a journal entry:

"Dec. 6. A beautiful and holy morning within me. I was softly excited, I knew not why, and wrote with peace in my heart and not without tears in my eyes, 'The Reaper and the Flowers, a Psalm of Death.' I have had an idea of this kind in my mind for a long time without finding expression for it in words. This morning it seemed to crystallize at once without any effort of my own."

His second volume of poetry appeared in 1841. Here we have that famous song, "The Village Blacksmith," called by Longfellow himself a new Psalm of Life. Well-nigh forty years afterward, on his seventy-second birthday, some seven hundred children of the public school of Cambridge presented him with an arm-chair made of the wood of the "spreading chestnut tree" under which the "village smithy" stood; this made

"These branches leafless now so long
Blossom again in song."

He wrote the verses "From My Arm-chair," and gave a printed copy to every child who came to see and sit in the chair.

Here we have the beautiful "Maidenhood," and here the exquisite, inimitable, immortal "Excelsior." Poets are born, not made. One day Longfellow's eye fell on a scrap of newspaper bearing the seal of the State of New York: a shield with a

rising sun and the motto *Excelsior*. Others for years had gazed upon that seal, to them it was a seal and nothing more; but at once there sprang up in his imagination the picture of a youth scaling the Alpine Pass, bearing upon the pennant of his alpenstock, the chosen motto, "Excelsior!" What a clarion burst of nineteenth century aspiration, which scornfully spurns the past—the low and level plain—and eagerly presses on to the higher future. Present knowledge? Fie upon it! 'Tis but the alphabet of eternal truth. Excelsior! Present philosophy? Away with it! Rude peasant systems and lazy transcendental dreams. Excelsior! Present life? Out upon it! A flimsy medley of love and music, of toil and grief. On yon Alpine summits, where eagle eyes gaze undazzled upon the noonday sun, is a life whose sparkling sheen is white and spotless as a seraph's wing. Excelsior!

In 1842, on a return voyage from Europe, he wrote his "Poems on Slavery." The feeling against slavery was then growing in intensity. Longfellow was the muse of no particular party. Unlike Whittier, who indisputably holds the laureateship of American freedom, he had a constitutional aversion to controversy. His verses were polished, spirited, full of sympathy and warning, not phials of burning wrath and terrific denunciation. Great wrongs are not made right by force alone. While the fiery utterances of William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips were indispensable to rouse the nation's ire at a time when statesmen dallied with, and theologians condoned, the "old and chartered lie," sweet pleading voices were needed to touch the deeper feelings of brotherhood and humanity; and when the history of American Emancipation comes to be fully written, the historian will stop to consider whether the ponderous sledge-hammer blows of Abolitionist orators, or the winsome music of such poems as "The Quadroon Girl," and "The Slave Singing at Midnight," and the magic and pathos of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—a million copies of which sent a tremor through the world's heart within a year of its publication—did most to strike the shackles from Africa's suffering sons.

Sumner, whose white plume was ever among the foremost in the great fight for freedom, was Longfellow's life-long friend. The poet describes the gigantic senator as a colossus holding his burning heart in his hand to light up the sea of life. The overhanging storm-clouds grew more and more wrathful. In

1850 we hear a distant murmur of the dissolution of the Union. Then came the great Webster's defection from the cause of freedom, meriting Emerson's stinging utterance, "Every drop of blood in this man's veins has eyes that look downward;" the passing of the Fugitive Slave Bill; the excitement in Boston over the capture and return to slavery of Thomas Simms and Anthony Burns; Sumner's magnificent and mighty speeches, like great siege guns battering at the massive citadel of national wrong; and the brutal assault on Sumner in the Senate House, filling the North with quivering indignation. With the vision of a seer, Longfellow writes on the second of December, 1859: "This will be a great day in our history, the date of a new revolution. Even now as I write they are leading old John Brown to execution. This is sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind, which will come soon." Lincoln's election, South Carolina's fire and fury, the secession of the States, Fort Sumter, no reading but newspapers, the proclamation of emancipation, victory, defeat—defeat, victory, his own boy Charles, brought home with a bullet-wound through his body a foot long, Lee's surrender, Lincoln's assassination—and the bloody panorama had run its length. Through the long years of conflict, the mild poetic soul had dreamed of the sweet and the beautiful, no fiery war song burst from his lips, scarce did he breathe an elegy over the slain. Blame him not! He was a prophet of peace unrolling the vision of the world,

"Till the war-drums throb no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

After more than seven years of widowhood, Mr. Longfellow was married to Miss Frances Elizabeth Appleton, of Boston.

In 1847 "*Evangeline*" was published. It has been called "his typical poem . . . the flower of American idyls . . . his own favourite, of which he justly might be fond, since his people loved it with him, and him always for its sake." The historic incident on which it is based was related to him at his own dinner-table, by Conolly, who had vainly endeavoured to interest his friend Hawthorne to write a story upon it. It at once touched and caught the fancy of Longfellow. Standing at his desk in the morning, or scrawled upon his knee by the fire-side, *Evangeline* grew, was finished and published, took its place as one of the first poems of the age. Its universal popularity is attested by six German translations, and three each

of French, Swedish, and Portuguese. Its charm centres in Evangeline, a character of ethereal beauty, of celestial brightness, who, "when she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music;" in the "affection that hopes and endures, and is patient," "in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion," which impelled her in the long search, began in youth and beauty, ended in age and gray hairs and disappointment. The poet's journal records of the illness and death of his own little Fanny, help us to appreciate that exquisitely tender poem, "Resignation," published the next year. In the same volume we have "The Building of the Ship," with its magnificent close:

"Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State!"

called by Stedman "a sun-burst of patriotism a superb apostrophe to the Union, outvying that ode of Horace on which it was modelled." It was born amid the excitement over the Fugitive Slave Law.

"The Golden Legend" saw the light in 1851. In it the author says he tries to show, "among other things, that through the darkness and corruption of the Middle Ages ran a bright, deep stream of faith, strong enough for all the exigencies of life and death." Prince Henry, mysteriously afflicted, can find his only cure in a maiden's life-blood. The peasant girl, Elsie, offers herself in the spirit of all-conquering self-sacrifice. Ruskin says that, "Longfellow in his 'Golden Legend' has entered more closely into the temper of the monk for good and for evil than ever yet theological writer or historian, though they may have given their life's labour to the analysis." It is one of his finest poems, notwithstanding his failure to draw a good picture of Satan; which has been humorously defined as "the least devilish devil ever conceived." It was not in Longfellow's heart to think of even the devil as outrageously bad, or to paint him coal-black.

From 1854, when he resigned his professorship, he was solely and devotedly a child of literature. "Hiawatha," a most dexterous handling of a mass of old Indian myths, a poetic fabric beautiful as the many-tinted autumn-forest, soon appeared. Next came "The Courtship of Miles Standish," a love-story of the old colony days, among Longfellow's own ancestors. Though possessed of great good nature, he was not one who saw the humorous side of life; but here the comic element

flashes out now and then, John Gilpin-like strains in the music of one of our most serious writers, relieving the solemn matter-of-fact surroundings of the poem.

After July 8th, 1861, there is a break in his journal, and many days after these lines of Tennyson :

“ Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace,
Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,
While the stars burn, the moons increase,
And the great ages onward roll.”

From a match fallen upon the floor, Mrs. Longfellow's dress caught fire, inflicting such injuries that she died the next day. Eighteen years after he wrote, “The Cross of Snow,” found in his portfolio after his death :

“ In the long sleepless watches of the night,
A gentle face—the face of our long dead—
Looks at me from the wall, where round its head
The night-lamp casts a halo of pale light,
Here in this room she died ; and soul more white
Never through martyrdom of fire was led
To its repose ; nor can in books be read
The legend of a life more benedight.
There is a mountain in the distant west
That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines
Displays a cross of snow upon its side,
Such is the cross I wear upon my breast
These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes
And seasons, changeless since the day she died.”

Once only did Longfellow visit Canada—a flying visit to the world-renowned Falls of Niagara and other points. He slept in Toronto in our “gloomy Castle of Otranto called the Rossin House,” but paid a compliment to the beauties of Montreal.

In his “Tales of a Wayside Inn,” story-tellers from actual life sing in his varying verse. The poet is T. W. Parsons, the musician Ole Bull, the Spanish Jew, a Boston dealer in Oriental goods, and so on. In 1868 Longfellow was again in Europe. Honours were showered upon him. Cambridge made him an honorary LL.D. ; and Oxford, not to be out-distanced, gave him the degree of D.C.L. Tokens of high regard were lavished upon him by Mr. Gladstone, Lord John Russell, the Duke of Argyll, the Prince of Wales and the Queen ; but more perhaps than all to his poetic soul, was a two-days' visit with Tennyson in the Isle of Wight.

Time would fail us to note the allusions made in the volumes under review to his translation of Dante, his dramatic works, and such poems as "Morituri Salutamus," the rich, autumnal fruitage of his genius. The closing stanza of his last poem was written March 15th, 1882. How appropriate, how beautifully prophetic are the final whisperings of the sweet singer of human hopes and aspirations:

" Out of the shadow of night,
The world moves into light;
It is daybreak everywhere!"

On the 24th, the bells of Cambridge tolled mournfully; the busy world stopped to shed a tear; Longfellow was dead. On the Sabbath four voices sang in soft tones a hymn. His poem "Suspiria" was read, also some verses from *Hiawatha*; these we presume:

" He is dead, the sweet musician!
He the sweetest of all singers!
He has gone from us forever,
He has moved a little nearer
To the Master of all music,
To the Master of all singing!"

A prayer followed, and the body was borne to Mount Auburn.

Among his choicest friends were numbered Sumner, Felton, Emerson, Hawthorne, Agassiz, and Lowell. His inspiration was largely derived from books; yet Nature's voice in sky, river, sea, and his favourite month, October, whispered thrilling and unutterable messages to his spirit; while from God's book, grander and more majestic in its appeals to human imagination than all art, all Nature, he drew the glowing splendour of many a passage. The key to his character was sympathy. His books have been published by the hundred thousand in their native tongue, and translated into many foreign languages, including Latin, Polish, Hebrew and Chinese! His heart went out to children. His touching fireside songs, dedicated to the "blue-eyed banditti," have made him the children's poet. He has been called "a man of deep reserve." We may regret that we do not know more of his internal spiritual experiences. His faith was essentially Unitarian, but like many a man, he was better than his creed. Like the immortal Milton, his head might deny the Divinity of Christ, his heart bowed down in humble adoration before incarnate Deity. He

might worship where men said only, "Behold the man!" but in the great temple of human thought he was impelled by demonstration to exclaim, "My Lord and my God!" In his "Christus" he sings not an Arian, but a Gospel, a Catholic, a Puritan Christ. Yet as a whole the book is a lamentable failure. Was it because he did not clearly apprehend the divinity of his subject? The Christ of the highest art must be the Christ of orthodoxy.

The nineteenth century is rushing to its close. Tennyson has voiced its most refined culture, Browning its moral momentum, Whittier its irrepressible cry for freedom, but who has caught the high notes of its spiritual and Christian aspirations? Who has given adequate expression to the great philanthropic and missionary movements of our age? Where is the poet of temperance reform?

Longfellow is a necessary portion in our great literature. Other preachers have given us mightier sermons, more vehement exhortations; others have constructed broader philosophies and subtler systems; others have, Jacob-like, wrestled more effectively with the great secrets of life and immortality; but none have kneeled with us at the family altar, and breathed such a calm, such a hopeful prayer as he. Some have written unfeelingly: Longfellow says of Hiawatha, "I must put a live, beating heart into it." Every word is real, every thought, as it flows out upon his serenely beautiful pages, carries with it a sparkle which tells us that it gushes from a soul-fountain of immaculate purity and sweetness.

Many are the paintings which our poets have furnished for the walls of our grand old temple of English literature. Longfellow's is a beauteous landscape, whose background is not a mountain bleak and bare, but a forest primeval in its loveliest autumn dress, and whose central figure is a maiden with meek brown eyes and golden tresses, standing where the brook and river meet. We cannot rank him with

"The grand old masters,
 . . . the bards sublime,
 Whose distant steps echo
 Through the corridors of time;"

Yet in gratitude to the

"Humbler poet
 Whose songs gushed from his heart,"

England has given his marble effigy a place among her mighty dead in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey. But whiter than marble is the purity of his verse; more enduring than brass the songs he sung, whose undying music reverberates round the wide earth. We close the volume of his life. We put his picture in the album of our chosen friends:

"A poet, too, was there, whose verse
Was tender, musical, and terse;
The inspiration, the delight,
The gleam, the glory, the swift flight,
Of thoughts so sudden that they seem
The revelations of a dream,
All these were his; but with them came
No envy of another's fame;
He did not find his sleep less sweet,
For music in some neighbouring street,
Nor rustling hear in every breeze
The laurels of Miltiades.
Honour and blessings on his head
While living, good report when dead,
Who, not too eager for renown,
Accepts, but does not clutch the crown."

ANCASTER, Ont., 1888.

NATURE.

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
'Leads by the hand her little child to²bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the²floor,

Still gazing at them through the open²door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which though more splendid, may not please him²more:

So Nature deals with us and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go,
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

—*Longfellow.*

CHRISTIANITY AND OTHER FAITHS.

BY PROF. F. H. WALLACE, B.D.

THE relation of Christianity to other faiths, is a relation of appreciation, comprehension, transcendence. I mean that Christianity appreciates whatever in other religions is true in teaching and good in tendency, that everything of permanent value in them she comprehends within herself, and that in the completeness and finality of her revelation she transcends them all, unifying their scattered truths, supplying their glaring defects, and consummating their hopes and aspirations.

Christianity alone is lofty enough to afford a wide, fair, appreciative outlook over all the religions of the world. Neither from the point of view of any other religion, nor from that of a science of religion, bald and impartial enough to regard all religions as of essentially the same, and that an earthly origin, is any just appreciation possible, either of many of the profoundest details, or of the general course of the history of religion.

But from the point of view of an enlightened Christianity, there is possible a firm faith in the supremacy and finality of our own religion, and at the same time sympathy with those half-developed truths, with those earnest inquiries, with those pure lives which are not unknown in the lower stages of religion. Christianity is a summit from which he who has once attained it may, through "most pellucid air," survey the whole weary path along which man has, under divine guidance, ascended, and may recognize all other faiths as so many steps up out of the deep, dark valleys to

"The shining table-lands,
To which our God Himself is moon and sun."

Religion springs not from the earth. She comes down rather from the skies. She is God's messenger.

God is love. It is of the nature of love that it seeks to communicate itself. God creates man and so constitutes him that he is capable of knowing and loving God, and that only in the knowledge and love of God can he be fully blessed. The divine self-communication, through the agency of the ever-blessed

Spirit, on the one side, and the human reception of this communication on the other—these are the essential factors in religion ; and in all forms of religion we see these factors working, the Divine Spirit speaking to man, and man listening or refusing to hear ; the Divine Spirit striving with man, and man yielding or resisting ; all through we see the development, whether helped by human receptiveness or hindered by human hardness, of those germs of a true life which are divinely implanted. “All men yearn after the gods,” says Homer. We all are the offspring of the Divine, and we cannot think that the All-Father has left the vast mass of His children without His care and aid. We cannot think that the superiority of our faith depends upon the absolute vanity of all other faiths. We cannot think of all other religions as mere curiosities. We must see in them the honest expression of true human longing for Him whom we, too, seek. In them all we find a soul of goodness, emanating from the goodness of God Himself. And, therefore, when we hear the red Indian calling upon “Gitchee Manitoo the mighty,” and when we see the Greek sacrificing hecatombs to Jupiter or Apollo, we do not smile at their superstition ; but we sympathize with the stirring of that sense of the need of communion with God, which we have learned to satisfy in our Lord Jesus Christ, and with most hearty joy we rejoice to believe,

“That in even savage bosoms,
There are longings, yearnings, strivings,
For the good they comprehend not ;
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God’s right hand in that darkness,
And are lifted up and strengthened.”

It must be acknowledged that only gradually has the true religion come to appreciate other religions. Amid surrounding heathenism, the great work of Israel was to preserve and develop the idea of the purity and the holiness of God. The great task of their prophets was to preserve the people from idolatry. It was impossible, therefore, for them to have sympathy with the heathen. In the early Christian Church a similar struggle with heathenism emphasized the points of contrast, rather than the points of contact between Christianity and heathenism. Yet even in the Hebrew Scriptures there are glimpses of the world-wide outlook, of the

larger hope, which recognizes Melchizedek as an acceptable worshipper, though not a Hebrew, and Cyrus as God's servant, though still a heathen; and in the New Testament we are assured that God is the Father of all, that by the visible things God has given men a revelation of the invisible, that His law is written in their hearts, that it is possible for the Gentiles to do by nature (*i.e.* without the special revelation which the Hebrews enjoyed) the things contained in the law, and that "in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him."

The orthodox Fathers of the Christian Church recognized rays of divine light in the teachings of Socrates and the Stoics; Justin Martyr spoke of a Logos Spermatikos, such a preparatory revelation as contained in germ the truth fully embodied in the personal Word of God: and Clement called Plato a Greek-speaking Moses.

It is true that through long ages these brighter views of the religious history of the world were eclipsed, and Christendom had neither hope nor help for the heathen. Modern missions have once more made the whole world kin in something more than name. Methodism has been eminent among evangelical Churches for her large and generous views concerning the heathen, among whom, Wesley declares, that he is accepted of the Lord "that feareth God, and worketh righteousness, according to the light he has," and whose piety the seraphic Fletcher traces to a beam of the Sun of Righteousness shining in the darkness.

The comparative study of religions has in our time excited deep interest, both among friends and foes, of the Christian faith. And the net result of the investigations of friends and foes is to see, in all other religions, preparation for the absolute, the final religion, and in Christianity the goal toward which they all tended, the consummation of their truths, the corrective of their errors, and the fruition of that for which they at the best but hoped. The key for the understanding of the whole problem of comparative theology is in the fact of a divine influence and help, common to all—the fact of the Divine Spirit brooding over the waste and void, and bringing order, and life and beauty forth from it—the fact of a divinely-guided history, leading up through heathenism and Israel to Christ.

In religious revelation, as in all things, God treats man as free, and it is the free attitude of man to God's revelation

which produces the innumerable diversities of religion. The light of truth will be more or less obscured by the medium through which it passes. Only the sincere and earnest will understand the revelation of God in any measure: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

The best that God's Spirit can do with men may, by reason of the dulness of their hearing and the dimness of their vision, leave them with very distorted and inadequate notions of God and duty. We need not hesitate, therefore, to trace the heavenly influences, even in the lowest forms of religion. That there is any religion at all is due to the divine impulse. That the form of religion is low and impure is due to the sluggishness of the human spirit.

The earliest and most rudimentary form of religion is probably the feeling of dependence upon a higher, an invisible, an inscrutable power, and a childlike homage rendered to that power. Out of this condition of religious childhood, man must emerge as he begins to reflect upon the mystery of his own being, and the problem of the labouring universe, and his progress toward more definite thought of God, must be in one of two directions. The relation between the power on which the dependence is felt and the world of sense about us must be defined. And man must either rise through clearer and yet clearer discrimination between the created world and the creating power to the pure light of the monotheistic conception of God as the One, the Almighty, and the Holy, as in the Hebrew religion and the Christian; or descend through the sinful confusion of God and the world into the fascinating Pantheism of the East, the beautiful and poetical Polytheism of the West, or even the depths of that Fetichism in which men bow down to stocks and stones, and which some regard as the starting-point of an upward evolution of religion, but which is much more reasonably to be considered as the lowest point of sad degeneration.

But all through these diverse phases of religious development there are still traces in the background of a dim sense of the unity of God, there are still aspirations after the higher and the better, there are still elements of good and of truth which Christianity appreciates as from God, comprehends within the circle of her own teaching, and transcends by the superior clearness of her own revelation and superior glory of her own ideals.

In the very lowest stages of nature worship, in the *Fetichism* or *Animism*, in which the consciousness of God seems absorbed in the consciousness of the world, in which nothing seems too mean to be worshipped, in which the only motive to worship seems to be selfish fear, in which the whole notion of religion seems lost in the darkness of grotesque and absurd rites of magic—yet, after all, there are true elements of religion left. There is a dim sense of something above or behind or within the things which do appear, of mind pervading and controlling matter, of mysterious powers influencing all life; and, therefore, we may regard the degraded African or Polynesian worshipper as in reality, though most unconsciously, turning his face toward that One God “in whom we live and move and have our being,” and as standing, therefore, nearer to Christianity than the cultured Materialist of a Christian age and country.

In the higher developments of *Nature Religion* there are still larger elements of truth. Of these higher nature religions there are two very distinct types, the Eastern and the Western. The Eastern emphasizes God, the Western emphasizes the world. The Eastern swallows up the sense of human personality and freedom in the sense of the absoluteness and infinity of God. The Western degrades divinity to the level of a free and noble human personality. In the religions of Greece and Rome, Germany and Scandinavia, the powers of nature receive sublime personification, the gods are conceived in forms of human strength and beauty; there are, it is true, survivals here and there of fantastic elements from the lower stages of religion; and the whole is worked up into an imposing epic of the gods. The high estimate which these religions placed on human nature, in its freedom, strength, and beauty, wrought wonders in the inspiration of energetic and admirable lives, and in the production of a high civilization. The vigour, chastity and liberty of the worshipper of Thor and Odin; the measured and majestic march of the law-giving Roman to world-wide empire; the poetry, philosophy, and art of Greece—all these were largely the outcome of the religions of these various peoples; all these Christianity has appreciated and appropriated; and for all these, as parts of a wide, wise, divine plan, we render thanks to the giver. The marriage of Helena to Faust consecrated at the altar of the Christian Church issues in the fairest form of literature and life. These old mythologies, with their many rival gods, could not endure when reason became enlightened; and with their inadequate notions of holiness and

sin, both in God and in man, they could not survive the quickening of the conscience. Christianity assimilates their truths, and teaches with them the dignity and freedom of the human person, stimulates thought, and encourages culture; Christianity eliminates their errors, displacing their conception of a multitude of gods, human in their virtues, and human in their vices, with that conception of one God, "holy and infinite, viewless, eternal," which appeals with so much greater force to reason and to conscience: Christianity develops their germinal ideas of sin and expiation, into the great truth of the high-priesthood and self-offering of Jesus the Son of God, and so gives faith a solid basis to rest upon; and so before the Cross of Christ the ancient forms disappear, and Thor and Zeus and Pan are seen no more.

The development of the Oriental tendency of nature religion is vastly different. In it the visible counts for nothing, the Invisible is all; the world is but an illusion; the Infinite alone is substantial; even man is but a ripple on the shoreless sea; and the goal of all our hopes and efforts is absorption in the One. The personality of God goes down into the grave of a speculative abstraction, and drags down with it the personality, the freedom, and the morality of man. It is true that *Brahminism* has not carried out such a conception perfectly, for personality will generally assert itself. Brahminism has in its mythology stopped short with rather vague personifications; it has regarded the broad heavens, the natural elements, the formless universal principles of all things as symbols or modes of the sole Existence; it has developed a system of caste which consecrates social injustice with the holy sanction of religion; it has done its work, it has no future, it is ready to disappear. The Christianity, which has already begun to displace it, so far sympathizes with its mode of thought that Christianity herself teaches the transcendent value of the things unseen, bids her votaries fix their affections on things above and not on things on the earth, and cultivates the reference of all things to the one Almighty Power, who is above all, through all. But Christianity proclaims the free personality of God and man, rouses man from Pantheistic dreams to the earnest doing of duty, breaks down all middle-walls of caste partition, proves her adaptation to man, not only as reflective but as active, and wins even the Brahmin to her faith.

Above all these nature religions stand what some call the *Ethical Religions* of the world—religions founded by individuals

upon ethical principles. In nature religions the supreme gods are the mighty powers of nature. And when the people come to understand that the old gods are only personifications of natural phenomena, or forces, then the religion falls into its dotage, lingers for a while, perhaps as a useful State institution, and finally dies of inanition. Then comes the opportunity for ethical religion, under which the old gods are either abolished or subordinated, in which a doctrine of salvation enters, in which divine revelation is recognized, and in which generally peculiar honour is paid to the founder.

Such a religion is that of *Zoroaster*, with its dualism of Ormuzd and Ahriman, personifications of good and evil; with its conflict throughout all life of these opposing principles; with its hope of the final triumph of light, purity, and truth; with its stimulus to free personality and moral effort; with its special and peculiar Persian virtue of truth-telling; with its scope for vigorous, energetic, manly and warlike virtue—how like Christianity it seems in its faith in a supreme and good God, and in its hope in the ultimate triumph of the kingdom of this good God over the kingdom of the opposing evil spirit. How like that Christianity which teaches us the conflict of flesh and spirit, and bids us fight the good fight of faith. On the other hand, how far Christianity rises above it, correcting its confusion of moral and physical good and evil, and its exaggeration of the power of the evil spirit, and adding to its meagre and rudimentary teaching the whole range of the truth as it is in Jesus. Not more than 100,000 people now follow the religion of the Magi, while the whole world is beginning to journey toward that sacred spot where once the Magi bent and offered gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

The religion of *Confucius* is the incarnation of conservatism and secularism. It turns from heaven to earth, sees a present secular paradise in the unchanging Chinese empire, and with admirable common sense moralizes on the duties of the individual citizen. To Confucianism the millenium has already come. In the view of Confucianism it is idle to speculate concerning the future; the only wisdom is to do the duties of the present; morality takes the place of theology, and that morality is a morality for Chinese society. As to the infinite, the eternal, the divine, Confucianism is an anticipation of modern agnosticism. While in its wonderful moral precepts it often seems almost a Christianity before Christ, in its general stagnation, in its lack of grand heroic individuality, in its present decrepi-

tude and decay, it reveals to us what secularism at its best will do and fail to do. There is nothing good in Confucian morality which Christianity lacks, and it sets its moral doctrines on fire with those facts of divine love which are its special deposit to carry to the world. The regeneration of China is dependent upon the Gospel of Christ. The Chinese will begin to take that place in the world, for which they are in many respects fitted, only when their Confucian consecration and worship of the present order of things as of absolute divine right gives way to the higher ideals and hopes of the Christian religion.

The ethical religions, of which I have already spoken are all *national*. Judaism may also be reckoned with them, for it has its race limits. Yet as the cradle of Christianity Judaism belongs rather to the final group of universal ethical religions, missionary religions, and *World-religion*. Considering Judaism, then, as merely the preparatory stage of Christianity, these world-religions are three—Buddhism, Mohammedanism and Christianity—religions which have overleaped all racial barriers, which appeal to the universal needs and aspirations of humanity, and which are destined to close in a death grapple for the ultimate supremacy of the world. For there can be, after all, but one world-religion.

Buddhism was the Protestantism of the East, a reaction from the priestly superstitions of Brahminism in favour of a doctrine of individual salvation. The noble Sakya-Muni, after long and sympathetic contemplation of the terrible problem of human suffering, attains at last "the central point of bliss" in his doctrine of *renunciation*, becomes henceforth the Buddha, "the enlightened," and teaches the sublimest pessimism, according to which the source of all suffering is desire, and the path toward deliverance from all suffering, and indeed from separate conscious existence, is the path of renunciation, of self-sacrifice, charity, justice, purity, and all the passive virtues of our nature. Buddhism, on its moral side, approaches nearer than any other faith to the teaching of Him who laid down His life for the world, and who said: "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it, and whosoever will lose his life for My sake shall find it." But with its noble sympathetic and philanthropic morality it links a gloomy and depressing theology, divests the absolute Being of all attributes, and so makes Him the absolute Nothing; and makes the goal of all human virtue the entrance into Nirvana, the state of absolute and eternal nothingness. With the pure morality of Buddhism Christianity has the keenest

sympathy. But Christianity reinforces her teaching of human virtue, self-sacrifice, and universal love, with the glorious truth of human brotherhood derived from the fatherhood of God, and finding its happy consummation in the eternal and blessed fellowship of heaven. Buddhism thinks of suffering as the greatest evil; Christianity, of sin. Buddhism strives to get rid of suffering even at the expense of personal existence: Christianity makes suffering the stepping stone to higher bliss—"So, by my woes, to be nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee,"—and encourages to all patient endurance as well as manly activity by the prospect of the exceeding weight of glory. Buddhism is a doctrine of despair; Christianity, of hope. Buddhism, with its dreamy resignation and its passive virtues, is congenial to a land of predominating poverty and suffering and to men of a mild, inactive temperament, but would never take hold of the sturdier inhabitants of more northern climates and of a people of more active habits of life. Christianity has elements which adapt it, both to the contemplative and the active side of our nature, and it has enlisted the passionate devotion, both of mystics in their monasteries and of Cromwell's Ironsides at Naseby and on Marston Moor. Buddhism has never been victorious except over religions of a low grade. It is not destined to convert London and New York. Christianity triumphs everywhere.

Mohammedanism has been defined as an "after-birth of unbelieving Judaism." It is a religion absolutely without originality. It teaches no new doctrine. What it has incorporated from Judaism and Christianity it has corrupted or fossilized. It teaches Monotheism, as did Judaism; but it has no prophecy, it has no Messiah; its heaven is sensuous; by its superstitious reverence for its sacred book it has tied its own feet and rendered internal progress and development impossible. What it was it is, what it is it shall be, without inner growth or fruitfulness. Its morality is fatally vitiated by its corruption of marriage and the family. Under it religion and the State are so connected that with the fall of the State must come the fall of the religion. Judaism survived national ruin. Mohammedanism can not. Yet it has its place and office. It was God's besom to sweep away the unfaithful and degenerate and half-heathen Christianity of many parts of the East; it is God's agent still, through many parts of Africa, to introduce law and teach Monotheism, and to prepare the way for a higher civilization and a better faith. But a religion which admits of no de-

velopment, in forms of government and stages of civilization, and dreads innovation as a sin, must surely give way to the grander and more fruitful theology, the sweeter morality, and the infinitely higher social and political life of Christianity.

“The moon of Mahomet arose, and it shall set,
While blazoned as on heaven’s immortal noon
The Cross leads generations on.”

Mohammedanism and Buddhism show the onesidedness of the Semitic and the Aryan races respectively. They are not universal in the same sense as *Christianity*. Mohammedanism represents the sovereignty of God. Buddhism is atheistic, and thinks only of the human soul and its escape from the miseries of existence. Christianity combines the ideas of God and man, dependence and liberty, religion and ethics into an indivisible unity, and furnishes a perfect ideal of character. Christianity has a variety, an adaptability, a versatility, a power of fitting itself into all changes of human thought and life, which is the result of its pure spirituality, and which points to world-wide empire. Other religions are ethnic. Christianity alone is universal. Other religions possess fragments of truth, Christianity alone has the truth.

Pantheistic religions lose God’s transcendence in His immanence. Monotheistic religions lose God’s immanence in His transcendence. Pantheistic religions, therefore, lack elements of truth contained in Monotheism, and Monotheistic religions lack elements of truth contained in Pantheism. The Christian idea of God alone combines the truth of both.

But the inherent superiority and the manifest universality of the Christian faith is best seen in the fact that its own central point forms the consummation of the very idea of religion. The essential nature of religion is a living reciprocal relation of God and man. The inner core of religion is communion of God and man. The deepest desire of all religions has been communion with God. The highest result of all revelation has been to lift man nearer and yet nearer to perfect communion with God. In the incarnation of the Son of God, therefore, revelation attains its consummation, for in it God and man are one. For this consummation we see the special preparation in Judaism. Religious progress has been confined to Judaism and Christianity. There have been outbursts, spurts and sallies elsewhere. But only in Judaism and Christianity has there been sustained progress toward a destined goal—a progress

which started from the true conception of God and of His relation to this world and to man, as Almighty Creator and as Holy King. Up through the various stages of national history and divine revelation the religion of the Hebrews advanced to that point when the whole religion became a glowing prophecy of Christ.

The sense of sin was awakened by the law. The conception of pardon was formed through the sacrifices. The hope of an earthly consummation of religion was kindled by the prophets. Finally, the prophetic rays were concentrated in the personal centre, the coming Messiah, the embodiment of the communion of God and man. At last the outer and the inner preparation are completed. In the fulness of the time Christ comes. God's great purpose in creation and in revelation, His loving purpose of perfect self-communication, is now fulfilled. In the Incarnation God and man are perfectly made one. In the God-man, God condescends to our humanity and our humanity is lifted to God. As we lay hold of Christ by faith we become conscious of the pardon of sin and the renewal of our nature, Divinity touches us into a divine life, spirit and nature are harmonized, ideal and reality tend to become one in us as they already are in Him, and our humanity reaches now its goal. Christ is the heart of a new humanity through which His pulses beat. Christ closes the long history of religions. He is the desire of all nations. In Him all find what they sought sincerely, but blindly, elsewhere. The good from all ages and from all religions shall see Him and know Him and have Him for their own.

Now the religion which possesses the absolute God-man is the perfect and final religion. No higher ideal of morality is possible than that furnished by the man Jesus of Nazareth. He is confessedly the very flower and perfection of humanity. No higher conception of God is possible than that which He proclaimed. And in Him the perfect love of God is incarnated in perfect human form. And no stage of communion with God, and, therefore, no religion, can be higher than that in which God gives Himself to man and man gives himself to God, and in which the Christian may say "Christ liveth in me." Renan says, that if there were religion in another planet it could be no other than this. The universal triumph of Christ and Christianity is that

"One far-off Divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

THE LOST SILVER OF BRIFFAULT.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER VIII.—LIFE AND DEATH.

IT is a sad thing to explore the affections and hopes, and to say of them all, "What do they profit?" When madam, in answer to her question about Gloria, received Ray's reply, "I heard nothing of her," something like this feeling chilled her soul. She went away without asking anything about his new partner. But Ray was enthusiastic over his prospects, and Cassia was glad that she could sympathize with him. Sterne was not an entire stranger; Ray had met him three years previously, while he was exploring the State of Texas, with a view to a final settlement in it; and when Ray went to New Orleans, in search of his runaway sister, their acquaintance was resumed. Sterne was then ready to make the change he had been contemplating, and, in accordance with Ray's advice, had fixed upon Waul's Station as the scene of his future accumulations.

The village, however, though growing very fast, was too small to justify the employment of all his capital in dry goods, and the residue he proposed to invest in horse or cattle trading. Sterne was to supply the money; Ray, to give his knowledge of stock, and of the markets where they could be best bought and sold. One of the stipulations of the contract between Sterne and Briffault was, that the latter should never touch a card, nor make a bet on any transaction; and Ray, recalling the end of Dacre and his companions, felt sure that the promise would not be hard to keep.

For two years affairs went on with an average satisfaction, and Cassia was very happy. No woman, with growing boys and girls, is insensible to the value of money. For herself she may be willing to do without it; for her children, she desires all the good things it can procure; and besides, she was glad to let the household burden, borne so long and cheerfully, slip from her shoulders a little. But after two years there began to be a change. The first trouble was caused by a little cur belonging to Sterne. One of the Briffault children stoned it; and Louis Sterne, a lad of ten years old, made the quarrel his own.

The quarrel between the children had not existed long when Mrs. Sterne called upon Cassia about it. In her eagerness she called an hour too soon. Cassia had a nervous headache, she was disturbed in her siesta, and had to go down stairs to her visitor after a hurried and unsatisfactory toilet. The visit was an unpleasant one; Cassia's reserve and politeness prevented anything like a quarrel, but the offence was really deepened

instead of explained away. Mrs. Sterne made her husband feel with her the real or the imaginary slights she had suffered. Sterne had his own experience to put to hers; and when the women and children of two families are at enmity, it is almost impossible for the men to remain long neutral. Ray perceived that the end was coming between himself and Sterne, and he was not sorry.

One night he camped in the same grove with the sutlers of two cavalry companies who were going to San Antonio for stores. After supper the men took out a pack of cards, and were soon gambling desperately. Ray's heart throbbed, his face paled and flushed, and his hands were almost beyond control. Crib, an old Negro who had followed Ray in all his wanderings, and who knew all his weakness, watched the struggle with a sinking heart.

"Mass' Ray! Mass' Ray! prevention am de best bridle fur sin—don't look at 'em." But Ray gazed at the cards as if fascinated, and trembled all over with excitement. "Lie down under de tree, Mass' Ray; when de door am shut, de giant kin knock, and knock, and you kin keep him out; but if you let him jist git his finger in, den 'fore de mornin', he'll hab you bound hand and foot. Fur de Lord's sake, come 'way Mass' Ray!"

Only God takes account of the temptations we resist. It cost Ray a great effort to turn away, but he did so. Ere Crib slept that night he lifted his head, and saw his master pleasantly smoking under a great live oak. The watch were slowly patrolling the cattle, and the sutlers, sitting in a patch of bright moonlight, were silently shuffling their cards. With a prayer on his lips for "eberry body in de whol' world," Crib rolled his head head in his blanket, and went to sleep. When he awoke the cattle were beginning to move, the moon had set, but the sun had not risen, and in that pallid misty light which precedes the dawn the gamblers were still busy. Alas! alas! there were three of them.

The old man rose and went about his work. It was too late to say another word then. He made his master's coffee, and very soon the camp broke up. One went east, the other west; but that day all Crib's duties were very hard to him. He was angry with himself because he had not been able to resist sleep, and watch one night with the man whom he knew to have been in sore temptation.

"Jist my word might hab turned de scale," he thought remorsefully; "I'se allays blamed de 'ciples fur not watchin' wid de Lord; but I'se been jist as no 'count myself."

He observed Ray from a distance, and perceived that he had been winning.

"Debil mighty smart dese days" he muttered, as he moved

about among his cooking utensils ; " he done gib up, ragin' roun' 'bout, like a lion, and takin' folks' prop'ty 'way from dem. When he wants to git a man sure, now, he jist helps him shuffle de money into his pockets widout working a lick fur it ; dat fetches him ebery time ! "

Ray's relapse into gambling was fully reported, and Sterne was only waiting until a lucrative government contract had been filled to dissolve a partnership, of which one of the chief obligations had been broken.

One morning, in November, it seemed to him that the time had come. The day previous some one had dropped a few words about Gloria's position—a few wicked words—which declared little, but insinuated a great deal ; and Sterne had one of those small souls which can revenge a business grievance by an allusion to a man's domestic affairs. Ray's aristocratic nonchalant ways had long wounded his self-esteem ; he looked forward with pleasure to the humiliating blow he meant to deal him.

As it happened, Ray was that morning accompanied by John Preston. He entered the store in his up-head way, booted, spurred, and armed ; and the bowing, conciliating store-keeper felt his very appearance an insult. There was really nothing offensive in Ray's manner of tilting his chair, and flinging his riding-whip on the floor ; but Sterne fancied there was.

" He acts as if my store was his own," he thought ; and the merry laugh with which some remark of Ray's was greeted by the men assembled round the stove was the last thing he could endure.

" I think we had better understand one another, Mister Briffault. You haf been gambling again. You haf broke your word with me. I will not do any more piziness with you."

Ray looked up with flashing eyes, but went on with the incident he was relating.

" You hear me, sir ; you hear me fery well, Mister Briffault. You haf been gambling again."

" Sterne, I'll attend to you just now—when I get ready."

When you get ready—fery well ! Till then you will leaf my store. You are no shentleman, sir ! "

" Be quiet, Sterne. What do you know about gentlemen ? "

" You are no shentleman, sir ; no, you are not ; and your sister is—we all know fery well what she is."

The words were scarce uttered when the store was in a tumult. Ray, with a passionate exclamation, instantly drew his revolver, but his arms were as rapidly seized by two strong men at his side, and, struggling and swearing, he was forced out of the store. To the amazement of every one, John Preston lifted the quarrel. He had been standing beside some barrels of

flour which he wished to purchase, but he strode quickly to the counter, and, looking Sterne inflexibly in the face, said :

"Don't move an inch, sir ! Take back every word you said about Mrs. Grady."

"I wass told, Mr. Preston."

"Take the words back, sharp ! I am not going to wait on you."

"It iss not my fault. I wass told—"

"It is your fault. You knew your insinuation was a lie. When a man lies away a woman's good name he is a scoundrel." He stooped and lifted Ray's riding-whip. "I give you one minute longer. Take your evil words home !"

"I will take them home—efery one of them—Mr. Preston. I meant nothing wrong to the lady."

"Say, 'I *know* nothing wrong of the lady.'"

"'I know nothing wrong of the lady.'"

"Very well ; see you say nothing wrong of her ; not so much as the lifting of an eyelid. I tell you the horsewhip was meant for liars and slanderers, and, if you earn it, *you—shall—have—it !* I promise you that. These gentlemen will tell you that John Preston keeps his word."

And, amid a murmur of assent, John flung the whip down on the counter in front of Sterne, and then walked out of the store.

This scene ended all relations between Ray and Sterne. The settlement of affairs between them was intrusted to a lawyer and John Preston, and Sterne complained that he had been badly used, and in so much terror that he had scarcely dared to take his own. But, according to Sterne's accounts, one thousand dollars was all that could be claimed for Ray, and he was sure this sum was not half of his due. These were sad days for Cassia. She foresaw trouble, and no end of care and temptation for her husband. For Ray would not hear of resigning the business he had built up. He intended to get money from some one, and he thought it would be easy to do.

But he found borrowing an impossibility. Men who had cash knew of safer investments. Besides, there was an indefinite fear of Ray ; his gambling propensities were known. He was forced to resume his operations without sufficient money to make them profitable.

One day, after a year's worrying efforts to keep his business together, he was in San Antonio. He wanted a thousand dollars, and he had only one hundred. After a moment's hesitation he turned into a gambling saloon, flung his hundred dollars down, and doubled them. Again and again he hazarded his all, and every time he won. When he left the place he had nearly two thousand dollars in his pocket. But he was too late for the trade he had been playing for, and he hung around the city

waiting for another. He soon met with some horses for which three thousand dollars was asked. He was anxious to buy, the man was anxious to sell.

"I'll tell you what, Briffault," he said, "pay the half now, and give me your note for the balance in a month. You will have sold the horses by that time, and can easily meet the bill."

This seemed an excellent method to Raymund, and for awhile it worked very well; but, really, it was a great misfortune to the sanguine, speculative man, for henceforward he was willing to buy any drove, however large or valuable, upon such terms. And then one day a great temptation came to him. The seller of a fine cavallard would not take Ray's name alone. He proposed to get John Preston's name also, and the offer was satisfactory. But John was not to be found, and Ray *wrote his name for him*. As it happened all went well; the note was lifted without trouble. He did the same thing again, with the same result: he did it again, and failed. Then he had to ride night and day for nearly a week, and tottering with exhaustion, to throw himself upon John's mercy.

"Seven hundred dollars is a big sum, but I'll pay it," said John, with a stern face. "Thinking of Cassia and the children, I'll pay it! but O, Ray! Ray! how dare you gamble with shame and dishonour and a felon's cell? for this kind of business is gambling—nothing better."

"I'll never do such a thing again. God is my witness."

"If you are telling a lie, don't ask God to be witness to it."

John was much shocked. They did not part pleasantly, and, somehow, Ray felt as if he was the injured party. "Such a fuss to make about a few hundred dollars!" Ray was sure that he would have met a crisis of the kind with far more generosity.

During this interval madam had been going rapidly down the slope which leads to the shoal of life. Gloria's second desertion marked a point from which it was all descent afterward.

"Poor, weak, foolish Gloria!" she would say to Cassia, with whom she could only discuss her longing and her fears.

One day she sent a letter to John Preston. "Come and see me," she wrote. "I should like to speak to you before I go away."

The message pleased John. He had some business to do, but he let it wait and went at once to see madam. He had not met her since the days when he wandered in the garden with Gloria, and had almost feared the passionate hatred with which she watched his love. She was no longer to be feared. He looked at her with a great compassion. She seemed to have shrunk away, and was so frail that she

gave him the idea of transparency—as if the shadow of flesh was illumined by the spirit within.

“John Preston,” she said, as she stretched out her hands to him, “will you do me a great favour?”

“If I can, I will.”

“Go and seek Gloria.”

“Ah, I cannot do that—yet. I have no right to seek the wife of another man.”

“You might save her.”

“It is not permitted us to do evil that good may come. But if ever Gloria is left alone I promise you to seek her, though I go the world over.”

“John, I am sorry.”

She did not say what for; but John understood the pathos in her sad eyes and the movement of her thin hands toward him. He touched them with his lips and answered, gently:

“For all that is past there is pardon. In our blindness we err, but plenteousness of mercy and forgiveness is with God.”

“I was thinking of you and Gloria.”

“God will put it all right, madam?”

“You will forgive her when you find her?”

“Everything—everything! I will forgive her freely.”

“Thank you, John.”

Then he spoke to her very gently of her own weakness, and of the change which could not be very far off from her. She listened, but as one a little weary listens.

“I know that I am dying, John. When all is still at night I can hear the roar of billows on a dark shore. No, I do not pray. I turned my back on God more than sixty years ago. It would be mean to offer Him my allegiance again now—with the very dregs of a rebellious life. Do you think I would forgive a child who wronged and shamed me all her years, and then when she was dying, and had no more power to sin against me, said, ‘Forgive me?’”

“Yes, I think you would. If Gloria came to you at the last hour and said, ‘Forgive me,’ would you turn her away? No; you would kiss the sorrowful one and say, ‘Dear child be comforted. I love you!’ Is not your heavenly Father much better than you are?”

“He calls you now. What is sixty or seventy years in that eternity throughout which the redeemed shall do his pleasure? Thinking of its infinity, can you not see that the Master might easily give the full penny even to those who are hired at the eleventh hour—might even count their faith for righteousness, since the love and service of eternal years are for the redemption of the promise made by that one hour and that one penny?”

She was quite weary, and looked like one at the point of

death. John gave her a draught of water, and called Josepha. Then he bid her good-bye, and asked :

"Shall I come again?"

"Yes, as often as you can; and, John, what about Ray? I am afraid that he is doing badly. He is Gloria's brother; you will remember that?"

"He is also my brother. As far as it is possible I am his keeper; and where I cannot reach him prayer can.

That winter Ray was mostly in San Antonio. There were the fandangoes, and the races and balls, and the "chances," both in cards and cattle, in which he delighted. Both in trade and in play he was singularly fortunate, and never had life seemed so pleasant and hopeful to him. When the spring opened he was in circumstances to take advantage of any promising speculation; and even the most sceptical of his acquaintances began to think there must be some native ability in so fortunate a man. Yet his operations in cattle, in cotton, in land were in all their elements as much allied to gambling as if they had been manipulated with the dice. He delighted in taking enormous risks for the sake of enormous profits, and the charm of a crade to Raymund Briffault was just this daring, speculative, gambling element.

He was now nearly forty years old, and a very different man, in all respects, from the slim, unsunned, dawdling youth who had taken a hand, out of simple politeness, in Ratcliffe's last game. Sunbrowned, rough in manner, with a hand ever ready for a pistol or a card, and a knowledge of the cattle business of the West, which brought him very positive respect and a large income, Raymund Briffault seemed to the majority a very happy and successful man.

One evening he was riding westward with a driver and a Mexican. He hoped to reach the camp before dark, but, being ten miles distant at sundown, he ordered a rest under a little grove of cotton-wood trees. They were near the entrance to the Apache Mountains—two long, low spurs, inclosing a narrow valley full of rank, tawny grass. There was a full moon and a few large stars in the sky, and everywhere the strong, sweet scent of bleaching grass. After a cup of coffee the men sat down to smoke. A dead silence prevailed—a silence so profound that the insects moving in the grass could be heard. It was an hour when men who had any thoughts beyond horses and gold might have fancied angels passing through the still, fair land, and have almost expected to see them.

Suddenly Ray noticed a small square of something white in the very centre of the trunk of a large cotton-wood tree. It looked like a notice nailed up there, and might be some word which the advance party had left, either of warning or direction. He pointed it out to the drover, and sent him for it. The

man came back evidently puzzled, turning the piece of paper over and over in his hands, as people do a letter whose superscription is unknown to them. With an oath of impatience Ray asked its meaning.

"Derned if I can tell, cap;" and he read aloud, in a slow lumbering voice, as he walked, "'What—shall—it—profit a man—if—he gain—the whole world—and—lose—his—own soul?' 'What—shall—a man—give—in exchange—for—his soul?'"

This poor heathen in a Christian country had never heard the words before, and they struck him with a force which hearts dulled by thoughtless iteration have no conception of. He handed the paper to Raymund and sat down without a word. It was only a little leaflet with the two awful questions printed in large letters upon it. Some good man, resting there, had nailed it to the tree ere he left his camp, trusting to the Master of assemblies to fasten its inquiries surely in some impenitent, thoughtless soul.

Ray was annoyed and troubled. The words, falling one by one from the lips of such an unlikely messenger, came as unexpectedly and as forceful as if some angel had let them fall from mid-air. He had heard them often before, but never as he heard them in that lonely solemn temple of God. The words of "Amos, the herdsman of Tekoa," to the sinful children of Israel, were not more "the words of the Lord," than were these questions so put to Ray by this almost pagan herdsman of the Texan prairies. "What shall it profit?" "What shall he give in exchange?" He could not put the tremendous problem aside. He grew nervous and angry under the influence; he could not sleep, and about midnight he rose and began to pace the turfy spot on which they had made their camp. Then the herdsman also lifted his head, and leaning upon his elbow, said:

"Cap, them thar were kind o' queer words. Ken you see the bearin's of 'em?"

"I reckon, Leff, they mean just about this—what good will it do a man to win the whole world and go to the devil at last?"

"And the 'exchange' business, cap?"

"If the devil offered you money, land, cattle, wine, everything men like, in exchange for your soul, would you make the trade? That's about it."

"Would you, cap? You've had book-learnin', and aren't to be beat in a trade with anybody—man or devil—now would you?"

"It's a trade I haven't thought about, Leff; we'll adjourn the subject, I reckon."

In a couple of hours Ray called the man impatiently.

"Saddle up, Leff. I can't sleep, and we may as well travel ; there is moonshine enough."

He hoped in action to get rid of the unhappy, remorseful feeling which made him so wretched and unwillingly thoughtful ; but he was disappointed. Leff was always silent, this night more than usually so. The Mexican plodded along, offering no remark, but an occasional *sacristie* ! which might be either an exclamation of fear, or anger, or superstition. Ray was weary and nervous, and when he reached camp, roused the sleeping men and ordered breakfast to be made at once.

As they sat eating it they heard a sound which made every man drop his cup, and at the same moment Ray leaped to his feet, and called out, "Rifles and saddles ! Indians !"

There was no doubt of it. Quick sharp volleys of musketry, answered by the well-known Comanche yell came up the narrow defile, and ere they could determine what was best to be done fugitives in uniform were seen approaching. They said their captain and twenty men had been surprised by a party of Indians, and the captain and six others had already fallen. Ray was no physical coward ; in a few moments he was at the head of his party, riding hard to the rescue ; and as the Indians could not estimate the force of the relieving party, they thought it most prudent to retreat. They took time, however, to scalp the wounded captain. The man was still alive when Ray reached his side, and his pitiful cries for some one to put him out of torture made even those accustomed to terrible deeds tremble.

But when Ray looked into his face his heart hardened. The blood-drenched features were those of his sister's husband, and, almost with a feeling of triumph, he said :

"Denis Grady, it is Raymund Briffault that has come to see you die. The Comanche has done my work well. A hound like you is good enough, killed by an Indian knife."

The dying man gave a cry of hopeless agony as Ray turned to a dying soldier lying near. To his lips Ray put a canteen, and the man said, with a glance of bitter reproach at his captain,

"He was drunk when he ordered us into this death-trap—six good lives for a bottle of whiskey—give the other boys a drink—I'm gone—God forgive me !"

In the meantime an old frontiersman had looked at Grady's scalp.

"It's a careless job for them Comanches to have done. There's one chance in a thousand for him. We ought to give him it, cap."

"Do what you like, Gilleland ;" and, after a moment's hesitation, he took his silk handkerchief from his pocket and gave it to the man. Fortunately it was still very early, and Captain

Grady's head was covered with the handkerchief, soaked in water, and so, moaning and shrieking, he was carried to Ray's camp. Then there was necessarily a delay which Ray could ill brook.

On the second night Raymund awoke suddenly, and there was a feeling of pity in his heart. The camp-fire was burning low and red, and in its glow a man was sitting by the blanket on which Grady lay dying of the agony which was forcing life from all its citadels.

"Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy." He did not know where the words came from; but there they were. If an angel had spoken them in his ear they could have been no more distinctly heard. He went straight to Grady, and, stooping down, said:

"Grady, I have come to forgive you. If a bad man like Raymund Briffault can do that, you may surely ask the Almighty for pardon. He is a sight more merciful than I am."

"I'm sorry, Briffault. I deserve all I suffer; I've been a brute; tell Gloria I'm sorry."

"Think of yourself at this hour, Grady. I'm no preacher, but I know, and you know, there is mercy for all that ask it. You had better talk to God than to me. I have forgiven you—fully forgiven you."

He turned away then, and sat down under a tree a little way off, and there was a tender, glowing feeling at his heart. He made no formal prayer, he was not conscious that he was praying; but the thoughts of mercy, the solemn feelings of imploration that were in his soul, were truest prayer.

At the chill dawn Grady died in such agony that all the vast silent spaces seemed to be penetrated with terror and misery. "*What profit?*" If he gained the whole world and had to face death without God, "*what profit?*" These two words haunted Ray perpetually. If he drank, if he gambled, if he made a trade, something asked him, "*What profit?*" He wished heartily that he had never seen that piece of paper, and soon after, when Leff wanted to talk to him about it, he said,

"Go to a minister, Leff; that kind of thing is their business, and they can give you all the points."

But he wondered at Leff's anxiety, and compared it with his own, and after some days of restless unhappiness he thought,

"I'll go home and see Cassia and the children, and I'll pay John Preston that seven hundred dollars, and then perhaps I shall feel more contented."

When any idea took possession of Ray's mind he never rested until he put it into action; so two weeks after his determination he found himself near his home. On the prairie he met his two eldest daughters taking their morning ride, and they turned with him, and came galloping joyfully up the

avenue at his side. Cassia was sewing on the veranda, the younger children playing in the shady corner beside her. She threw down her work and went, with outstretched arms to meet them. Her face was so radiant, her whole attitude so loving, that Ray flung himself from his horse, and took her to his heart with an affection and pride that could find no words tender and strong enough to interpret them.

"And madam?" he asked.

"She is watching for you. She told me this morning you were coming."

GLORY IN HIS HOLY NAME.

BY THE REV. THOMAS CLEWORTH.

Αὐτῷ ἡ δόξα ἐν τῇ ἐκκλησίᾳ ἐν Χριστῷ Ἰησοῦ.—Eph. iii. 21.

COME, with your revenues of praise,
To Christ the Lord sweet anthems raise;
With trembling heart and glowing tongue
Ring forth the soul's triumphant song.

Let Jesu's love our powers command;
He leads us to the promised land!
From earth let holy strains arise
To meet the music of the skies.

Hail Him who keeps our soul in life;
Our Refuge through this mortal strife.
The Lord our God, whose endless fame
The highest powers of heaven proclaim.

Let all the Church forever bless
The Son of God, our Righteousness!
Through all the world let men adore,
And tell His love on every shore.

In suffering shall our songs abide;
We soon shall sing at Jesu's side;
We trust His glad assuring word,
"The servant shall be as his Lord."

O'er all the woes of life we sing
The rising triumphs of our King,
Who sweeps the gloom of heathen night,
And shows the world His saving might.

Join every soul with hope aflame,
And triumph in His holy name!
He claims the revenues of praise,
Both now and through eternal days!

MORVEN, Ont.

TRIUMPHS OF THE CROSS ON HISTORIC GROUND.

BY THE REV. W. F. MOORE.

THE Conference of Eastern British America in 1858 set me down in Sydney, Cape Breton, an appointment covering a field occupied now by four circuits, with a range of forest, lake and mountain, the entire length of the island, from Arichat to Cape North. The circuit proper comprised North Sydney, Sydney Mines, and the beautiful Bras d'Or, on one side, and on the other, South Sydney, Louisbourg, Gabarus, and Fourchette Harbour.

On the occasion of my first preaching appointment at Gabarus, an intense desire was begotten in my soul for the salvation of the young people, who all appeared to have grown up without conversion. A noble, warm-hearted, intelligent and prosperous lot of fishermen they were. My visits were but once a month from Sydney, a ride of twenty miles or more, always on saddle, as within a few miles of the bay the carriage road terminated; and over a rock-strewn highway the horse could with difficulty pick his steps. As winter approached, knowing that the fishermen would be detained at home on a certain day, I announced that on that day month I would preach in the chapel on the southern side of the bay, and spend a fortnight with them in special effort. Arriving within a few minutes of the appointed hour, I had just time to put up my horse and walk a few steps to the place of worship, which I found filled with people. A feeling of deep solemnity and intense interest appeared to rest upon the audience. Taking up the hymn-book to commence the service, it opened on the hymn :

“ Let the redeemed give thanks and praise
To a forgiving God ;
My feeble voice I cannot raise,
Till washed in Jesus' blood.”

Having given out the first two lines, the leader of the singing, a fine young man, son of Mr. Nichol, an aged standard-bearer in the Church, led off in a tune with a ring and a dash about it which were inspiring; but coming to the next words,

“ My feeble voice I cannot raise
Till washed in Jesus' blood.”

he faltered, stopped, and with tears on his cheek and a quiver on his lip, sat down, followed by others, completely overcome. Father Nichol came forward, his face glowing through tears of joy, and throwing his arms around me, cried, "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

I made the house of dear old Mrs. Stacey my home, and that night had a most remarkable dream, born probably of the exciting events through which I had passed. I thought that a building on the south side of the bay had caught fire, and the blaze spread from house to house, all around the bay, a distance of six miles, until not one dwelling-place was left; that I myself had been consumed in the flames, and the next morning was raking amongst the ashes and assisting the people to gather up my calcined bones. Very peculiar were my feelings as I saw them by loving, reverent hands placed in a box to be sent home to my wife; and I thought as they were making preparation to send them away, what a shock this will be to my poor Mary! At the breakfast table telling Mother Stacey the dream, a strange glint of sunlight beautified the wrinkles of her once lovely face, as she lifted up her eyes and said, "Bless the Lord, we are going to have a glorious revival, not a family passed by in all the Bay. I knew it, for I felt that God had heard my prayer. But that latter part I do not like. It is well though that we should understand, and not let you be consumed in the work."

And truly the fire of Divine grace and love kindled that day did spread from house to house, and family to family, until almost the entire population professed to be saved. Oh, what mighty prayers those grand Christian men and women poured out to heaven. Prayers that prostrated their strength and seemed to control the hand of God. What wondrous answers—strong, resisting, blaspheming men smitten down, and led to accept Jesus with the meekness of little children. What striking scenes! Called up in the middle of the night to go through deep snow and piercing winds, to find great stalwart men kneeling around the bed of a Christian man and wife, beseeching them for help, and smiting on their breasts in the anguish of their spirits. The wonderful confessions, the terrible conflicts with an almost tangible devil, the mighty strugglings into liberty, and the shouts of triumph, will not be forgotten while memory lasts. The fruitage of this revival was over two hundred souls. Having gathered them into

classes, thoroughly worn out and exhausted, I returned to my home.

A few days' rest and nursing brought a letter from the leading man in Fourchette Harbour, an M.P., himself an Universalist, but whose house being controlled by a Christian wife, was the preacher's home. The message was, "A strange fire has broken out here, brought by some of the people of Gabarus. I do not know what to make of it. Want you to come out at once; and if you say it is all right, I am satisfied." I sent word back, "Will be out and preach at your house this day week, meanwhile don't try to throw water on the fire." Fourchette Harbour lies about fifteen miles south of Gabarus, and at that time was approachable only on horseback around the sea shore. Never deeming it safe to go alone, we used to muster a troop of four or five horses, follow the indentations of the coast, creep around the headlands; on stormy days watching for the Atlantic wave to recede in order to make a dash; wading through gullies at times over the horses' back, cantering over long stretches of Barachois; and now and then passing a rudely erected cross, which marked the resting-place of some poor shipwrecked sailor who in some fearful storm had responded to the loud calling of the sea."

Having arrived at the house with an escort of young converts from the Bay, I found the spacious kitchen, with its painted floor, packed with people, and such a time of mighty power and wondrous blessing as we had! The cries of some of the fishermen were heartrending. Laying my hand upon the shoulder of one of these, who was pleading for mercy with all the strength of his lungs, I said, "Brother, stop that noise, God is not deaf, and He is not a long way off that you may shout to make Him hear. Jesus is in the room, He says, 'Where two or three are met in My name, there am I in the midst.'" With an instant hush and a pause, he turned his head as though a vision of the Saviour had met his gaze, and said, "So He is. Blessed Jesus Thou hast pardoned all my sins."

Day by day the glorious work went on. Our good friend, the Member of Parliament, saw all his children saved, and though not professing to be converted himself, he was constrained to acknowledge the fire was from above. And to his liberality chiefly were we indebted for the neat little place of worship, built upon the land which he gave for the purpose, and whose white spire rose like a friendly beacon on the stormy coast.

The blessed influence which some of the young converts had carried south to Fourchette, others had carried west to Louisbourg, and here came another demand for the oversight and labour of the minister. The largest room in the house of Captain Joe Townshend was set apart for daily meetings, and within a few rods of the crumbling bomb-proofs of the once proud and almost impregnable citadel of France, the campaign was commenced. The opposition at first was bitter, the people being mainly under the influence of Roman Catholicism, ritualism and rum. The preacher referred to General Wolfe and his gallant troops, who exactly one hundred years before had stormed and subdued the French stronghold, and to the fact that the silk banner on which Lady Huntingdon had with her own hands worked the motto, "*Nil desperandum, Christo duce,*" had been planted by her pious band of soldiers on the surrendered battlements. Then, strong in the Lord of hosts, holy resolves were made to storm the fortress of the evil one and make it desolate as the adjoining ruins, and there was a lifting up of stentorian voices in the grand old battle hymn :

"Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on :
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through His Eternal Son ;
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror."

As the interest increased, the house of Captain Townshend became too small, and in our difficulty we laid the matter before the Lord. The next morning at sunrise a well-known step was heard ascending the stairs, and then a knock at the door of the "*Prophet's chamber*" as he loved to call it, and after a "*Come in,*" Captain Joe, with his stick and lame leg, advanced to the middle of the room and cried, "*Parson, what do you think ! The devil has been marching around here last night, and your sleigh is filled with fish-blubber, and your beautiful set of harness has been cut in pieces and thrown into the field.*" "*Thank the Lord, Captain, I believe the devil made a false move that time, and all the sooner we shall have the victory.*" "*Amen,*" shouted the captain, in a voice that almost shook the room ; and then with a mild apology for the intrusion he went about his work.

A house there was in the neighbourhood occupied by a beautiful young wife and her husband, containing a very spacious room, in which the villagers were accustomed to meet for dancing. Our eye had been covetously set upon it from the first, but these people had not only stood aloof, but had strongly opposed the work. In the course of the day the lady sent for me, and said she was feeling very miserable and strange. She concluded that she and her husband had not been acting right about the meetings, and when she had heard of last night's persecution she felt they were on the wrong side; and talking the matter over with her husband, they had agreed to offer the use of their large room. Consequently the meeting which gathered at the Captain's was adjourned to the more commodious premises. Standing up in the well-filled room, I said, "We are about to consecrate this dance-room to the worship of God, and may the presence of God the Spirit be here to-night in power to save." As the service went on, there were twelve or more seeking for mercy. Amongst them the proprietor of the house and his wife, and an old Scotch lady who for days had been seeking, but always responded to my exhortations by saying, "The guid Lord will give me deliverance in His ain time."

As I stood, Bible in hand, speaking words of encouragement to the penitents, a hallowed influence was felt, and with a simultaneous movement every seeker arose with words of praise upon their lips. The old Scotch lady threw herself at my feet and clasping my knees, cried, "Precious Saviour Thou hast forgiven me my sins." There followed such a scene as Pentecost alone could represent. The victory was won. The shouts and songs of rejoicing might have been heard beyond the old walls of Louisbourg. After the forming of classes under the leadership of Captain Joe and others, the first proposition was the building of a church; in which, though unfinished, I had the privilege of preaching my farewell sermon.

With what feelings did I retire from the neighbourhood of that old fortress city. Riding over the magnificent old French turnpike, fancy called up the beauty and chivalry of France as their prancing horses carried them over the same ground more than a hundred years before. Here away to the right, at the mouth of Gabarus, Wolfe landed his invading forces amid the deadly storm of shot and shell. Right in front is Lighthouse Point, throwing up its sheets of foam. Jets of spray spout from the rocks of the famous Island Battery. The sea is boiling amongst the reefs at the harbour's mouth, but within

the magnificent basin where once proudly rode the navy of France, small fishing craft lie tranquil at their moorings. Immediately to the right are the vaulted caverns where now sheep find shelter from the rain, but which once were casemates whose wounded soldiers and terrified women and children sought refuge from the fearful bombardment of English cannon. Shapeless green mounds where citadel, bastion, and rampart once stood. Within the cellar walls of the old Government-house, pieces of old china may be still picked up. Here stood Louisbourg, the strongest fortress in French or British America, and not all the efforts of its conquerors nor all the ravages of a hundred years have availed to utterly efface it.

Thinking of its four thousand inhabitants, three thousand regular troops within its ramparts, twelve frigates and line of battleships in its harbour, carrying five hundred and forty guns and three thousand fighting men, the ruins of its vast defences told the oft-repeated tale of human pride, human valour, and human woe. A fishing village lies nestling amid the firs that stud the quiet basin on the left, and beyond is a solitude of ocean, rock, marsh and forest, as far as the eye can reach.

One morning, in the balmy month of June, having bidden Captain Joe, his family, and the friends good-bye, in obedience to an invitation from Captain, now Admiral Orlebor, of Her Majesty's Navy, whose surveying steamer lay quietly within the harbour, I went on board to breakfast. Having partaken of a liberal repast, the men were piped to morning devotions, which I had the privilege to lead. A pleasant conversation with the officers respecting the old city and its subjugation glided imperceptibly into spiritual conquests, and as I stepped over the side of the ship, the veteran Christian officer who had ever a word in season for a young soldier of the Cross, with a loving glance and a farewell squeeze of the hand, whispered in my ear, "Let us be faithful, for greater is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

LITTLE by little, sure and slow,
We fashion our future bliss or woe,
As the present passes away.
Our feet are climbing the stairway bright,
Up to the regions of endless light,
Or gliding downward into the night,
Little by little, day by day.

IS THERE A BRIGHTER WORLD THAN THIS?

BY REV. J. H. CHANT.

BENEATH the surface of a shallow lake,
 Where grasses rank, and mammoth rushes grow,
 And playful fish their bright fins nimbly shake,
 Or madly chase each other to and fro,
 The larva of the dragon-fly submerged,
 In family large, had taken their abode,
 And though the waves around them daily surged,
 Upon the bending grass they safely rode.

Content were they with life as there enjoyed,
 To brighter world they never had aspired,
 Had they not felt unfilled an aching void,
 And heard a whisper of a life attired
 In sapphire robes, midst gleams of golden light,
 Above their present world, so dank and chill,
 Where all day long they wing their happy flight
 From roses sweet to lovely daffodil.

But some essayed to doubt if it were so.
 Who ever had returned to make it known?
 One volunteered that he would upward go,
 To bring report ; but he was not full grown,
 And fainted when he reached the surface air,
 And falling, round a reed his form he curled,
 Then cried : " Delusion ! I have been up there,
 And could not find a trace of brighter world."

Yet others could not still the voice within,
 Nor disregard tradition's hopeful tale.
 They called a council ; but it caused some din,
 And all their efforts seemed, at first, to fail,
 Till one wise head suggested this compact,
 Expressed, no doubt, in dragon larva lore :
 That if that brighter life were actual fact,
 And all who rose in golden sunshine soar,

Each must return to tell the joyful tale,
 And o'er the waters shake his sapphire wings,
 So all may see, and their bright comrade hail,
 And talk about the tidings which he brings.
 Now, each returns, clad in his bright array ;
 Skims o'er the grassy lake with gauze-like wings,
 Attracts their notice by his plumage gay,
 And they collect to hear the news he brings.

Then, holding fast, he buzzes out his song,
 And seeks to woo them to a brighter world,
 And he succeeds ; for see, the larva strong,
 Climb up the grass, and soon in light enfurled,
 They wait the growth of wings, then burst their shells,
 Shake loose the gauzy folds, and soar away ;
 But soon come back again, their joy to tell,
 And help their brothers to a brighter day.

Perhaps our loved ones do not always stay
 In far-off heaven, and leave their comrades lone ;
 Though yet unseen, may hover round our way,
 And see our toil, and hear our daily moan ;
 And though we cannot see their lovely forms,
 Nor hear, full well, the whispers of their voice,
 May shield us oft in life's tempestuous storms,
 And when we victories gain with us rejoice.

They whisper *thoughts*, perhaps, if not word sounds,
 And help to waken longings for our rest,
 And thus allure our hearts beyond earth's bounds,
 To joy and home, upon our Saviour's breast.
 O may I heed the whispers which they bring,
 And seek the grace which will my heart prepare
 To climb from earth, and take on angel wing,
 Then soar aloft, to find my home up *there* !

THURSO, Que.

The Higher Life.

THEY alone become sublime
 Who have early learned to climb ;
 Rising from the low bulrushes,
 You may reach the burning bushes ;
 Pathways from the valleys lowly
 Often lead to ground that's holy ;
 But the foot that stops to rest shall
 Never tread the heights celestial.

—John B. L. Soule.

VICTORY THROUGH CHRIST.

At the close of the Franco-Prussian war, the triumphant victors came to Berlin for a reception of welcome. Three years ago, when standing at the magnificent Brandenburg gateway, and looking along the Broadway—the main street of the great German capital, imagination could reproduce the scene. As

each regiment approached the city government from the Thiergarten, it was halted by a choir, demanding by what right it would enter the city. The regiment replied in a song, recounting the battles it had fought and the victories it had won. Then there broke from the admiring choristers the joyous acclaim, "Enter ye the city!" And so the next came up recounting its deeds, and so another and another challenged, was welcomed. They marched up the Linden, between rows of captured cannon, and with the banners they had borne and the banners they had taken, they saluted the mammoth equestrian statue of Frederick the Great, the creator of Prussia, and the windows of the palace where stood old William, the creator of Germany, and Bismarck. So methinks when the warfare of earth shall have been accomplished, and the kingdom of Christ opened, the phalanxes of the Church shall go up to the city with songs and tokens of victory. We belong now to different regiments. We vary a little in our colours, like the soldiers from the diversified principalities of which the consolidated Fatherland is made up. But we even now feel as they, that we have one cause, one Captain, one glorious Emperor, who has on His vesture and thigh, the name written—"King of kings and Lord of lords."—*T. De Witt Talmage.*

CHRISTIAN HUMILITY.

"There was a strife among them which should be accounted the greatest." This "strife" was not confined to that early period. Our age is laden with decorations, certificates, and double-class honours; there is an earnest thronging toward the chief seats. It may be well for us to study the teachings of Jesus upon this subject; to consider the principle which regulates authority and position in His Church. He said, "Except ye be converted"—take an opposite course—ye cannot so much as enter into the kingdom of heaven, much less have any position in it. We thus learn that the conquest of self is the indispensable condition, not only of authority in the Church, but of actual entrance into it. In this, as in all else, Christ is the example. "He made Himself of no reputation;" "He humbled Himself;" He washed the disciples' feet. The true Christian is that man in whom the dominion of self is broken; so long as the fraction is held to be greater than the whole, the heart is at a great distance from Jesus. This principle has important applications in all the relations of life. The man who

works only for himself may be a theologian, but he is not a Christian ; he is not working on the line which terminates in the cross ; the spirit of self-crucifixion is not in him. Christ will excuse ignorance and pity weakness, but He cannot endure vanity. "Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me ; for I am meek and lowly in heart."—*Parker*.

PLEASING OUR NEIGHBOUR.

. Grace, if abundantly realized, will give us plenty of holy exercise. In our relations with men, we shall be wise in our movements, and helpful in our spirit and work. The apostle in writing to the Romans gives this direction : "Let every one of us please his neighbour for his good to edification." The language is peculiar, and worthy to be pondered. This pleasing of our neighbour is to be with this motive, "for his good to edification." There are innumerable ways in which self-abnegation with a wise consideration of our relations to those about us, and with holy adaptation to the occasion, will enable us to minister to the pleasure of our neighbour, and so compass his spiritual edification, his salvation.

Some kindred passages here may help to elucidate the apostolic direction for us. To the Corinthians he says : "For though I be free from all *men*, yet have I made myself servant unto all, that I might gain the more." "Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wealth." And in the preceding chapter of the epistle to the Romans, he says : "Let, us therefore, follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another."

Let it not be supposed, however, that in these apostolic teachings there is any countenance given to worldly compromises. There are mistaken persons who say, in order to win men to Christ, we must unbend ourselves, go somewhat on their line, dress like them, joke with them, and participate in their amusements. Not so, beloved. There is in the heart of a worldly man a contempt for the professing Christian who is a compromiser. He recognizes in all such inconsistency, disloyalty to Christ, and what is thought to have favourable influence is quite the contrary. There are ways in which, by kindness of word or deed, we may please men to their edification.

As the friends of Jesus, let us exercise ourselves in the ways above indicated, and in so doing we may be successful soul-winners.—*Guide to Holiness*.

HARMONY WITH JESUS THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

The disciples obeyed the word of Jesus as He addressed them from the shore of Galilee after His resurrection—"Cast the net on the right side of the ship." Harmony was henceforth established between Himself and each one of them; and now success was assured—"They were not able to draw the net for the multitude of fishes."

What a lesson is taught individual believers in that life-like picture, namely, *the secret of all spiritual success is in our unbroken harmony with the Lord Jesus*. When we go forth alone; go in our own strength; go with an impulse that unconsciously savours of self-love, we spend our strength for naught. We are like Peter—that earnest, positive man, who leaped into a little bark on Gennesareth with the heroic shout, "I go a-fishing." Toiling hard through the livelong night, the bright stars being obscured by the overhanging clouds, the white crested waves dashing continually about them, the hours of night wearing away heavily through the tedious watches—we might have heard Peter asking his associates, "Why is it that we catch nothing?" The answer none of them could then give.

Slowly, silently, the shades of night disappear. Looking anxiously through the rising mists they descry the dim outline of a human-divine form. Fainting with weariness, not one of them recognizes who it is. But now listen to His words: "Children, have ye any meat?" In depression of soul they answer, "No." His voice, "Cast the net on the right side," now kindles within them a fresh inspiration just as the bright beams of that new morning lengthen into the full day. Promptly they bend every energy to the task. Behold, the multitude of fishes overmatches their highest ability! Once in harmony with the Lord Jesus, and success surpassed all their fondest expectations.

How often it is thus with us! We enter bravely upon some hopeful Christian work; our thoughts are fully engaged in prosecuting it; every consideration foreign to it is forgotten for the time; the observing world applauds us for such supreme devotion to duty; our physical powers—possibly in an undue degree—are given to the task; but all is in vain. Success does not crown our efforts; God's word in our hands "returns to Him void;" our time and strength are more than wasted; and with dejected countenances we inquire, "Why is it that we have caught nothing?"

Learn the answer from that beautiful Scripture incident by the Sea of Galilee. When we go forth in service we must go in harmony with Jesus. We must discern Him by faith ; must hear His command. Then will success follow. That dear name will be the divine warrant of our commission ; dwelling in His companionship will be our hallowed comfort in labour ; toiling for His glory alone will implant in us more and more purity of aim ; working with Him, we will be preserved from unsanctified ambition ; yielding to His command will place us under the guidance of infinite wisdom, the protection of omnipotent strength, the impulse of celestial love. In Christ we only can find the pledge of success.

How He longs to have us live and work in harmony with Himself ! He watches us from His throne of intercession, and with many signs of love would seek to lift us to a spiritual recognition, that would lead to spiritual harmony, and finally to greatest results in His service.

HOLINESS AS AN ELEMENT OF POWER.

Holiness is not simply a spiritual luxury. It does not accomplish all its final results in the individual heart. It is an endowment of power, and enables its possessor to do more and better work in the cause of Christ than ever before. When Isaiah's lips had been touched by the living fire, and his iniquity purged away, he was able to say : " Here am I, send me." When the baptismal power fell upon the apostles, they were ready to go to the ends of the earth to preach the Gospel of the kingdom.

It has been taught by some that as soon as holiness has full possession of the heart, Christians die, and are taken to heaven. A strange idea, indeed. God wants men and women of clean hearts and consecrated spirit to do His work upon earth. The only apostle who did not meet with a martyr's death lived to an extreme old age.

Just in proportion as holiness reigns within are Christians qualified to work for Jesus. When the life contradicts the lips, the soul is shorn of moral power, and lies as helpless as Samson in Delilah's lap, after he had been shorn of his locks. Nothing can take the place of holiness ; not culture, education, or even zeal itself. There is no grander argument in behalf of Christianity than holy living. It has convicted more infidels than have all the learned arguments of the schools.

Christians filled with the power of holiness are "living epistles, known and read of all men." Ungodly people cannot but feel the power of a holy life. Especially is holiness needed in the home-life. If our dear ones are to be brought to Christ, they must see the power and beauty of the Christ-life in our daily walk and conversation. It is more difficult to maintain a godly life at home, because all formal restraints are here thrown off, and every hour brings its petty trials and vexations. Yet, nowhere is holiness more essential. Trace the home history of many sceptics, and you will find that in early life they were soured against the Christian faith by some gross inconsistency in the family circle.

Holiness is needed everywhere—in the social circle, in the workshop, upon the farm and behind the counter. God be praised that it can be had everywhere. It is a plant of hardy growth, and not a hot-house exotic. Time was when men thought that they must fly to the desert and dwell in the hermit's cell in order to live holily before God.—*By Rev. Jesse S. Gilbert.*

WHITER THAN SNOW.

Sometimes we long and sigh for a character as pure as the "beautiful snow." This is our privilege; and may it be our experience! To encourage any who may have, through the deceitfulness of sin, wandered far from God and the path of virtue, and who feel disheartened—intensely wretched—let me quote the words of inspiration: "Come now, let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as snow." "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." How comforting, also, the words of the author of "Beautiful Snow:"—

"Hopeless and frail as the trampled-on snow,
Sinner, despair not, for Christ stoopeth low
To rescue the soul that is lost in sin,
And raiseth to life and enjoyment again.
Groaning, bleeding and dying for thee,
The Crucified hung on the accursed tree;
His accents of mercy fall soft on the ear,
Is there, for me, will He heed my weak prayer?
O God! in the stream that for sinners doth flow,
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

—*Rev. J. S. Allen.*

FROM SCOTT ACT TO PROHIBITION.

BY ALBERT R. CARMAN, B.A.

THERE are spots along the rugged march of every reform, where the embattled armies of right tarry a little for the double purpose of drilling their men and giving a chance to slower battalions to "catch up." As the most effective drill can only be obtained and maintained by constant friction with the enemy, while many of the rank-and-file would become disinterested and careless were they set at merely prancing upon a practice ground, these halts are divinely timed at fortified camps, severely harrassed by the foe and with their guns heavily shotted and trained upon the bulwarks of evil. Thus amid the din of actual battle, the soldiers are hardened and the straggling line moulded into an imposing army.

Such a spot was the Scott Act. Under its legal battlements the temperance host of Canada have halted for a decade, while they made ready for the final advance upon the very Malakoff of the liquor traffic. When the Dunkin Bill was wrested from Parliament, our temperance leaders believed in local option. They adopted it everywhere in their strongholds, and honestly tried to dam up the torrent of drink by swinging this shifting "boom" across the swelling mouth of the river. But only where the floating timber rested upon the jutting rocks of practical prohibition by public opinion was any good accomplished. To drop the figure, only when the entire community is total abstinent and merely awaits the legal right to close the saloon that is debauching their children, does local option come up abreast with local prohibition. With the inevitable failure of such a law was swept away the last vestige of confidence in local option, and our leaders looked away from its narrow powers and recognized in total prohibition the sole weapon by which this giant evil may be slain.

Though wise beyond their age in such a decision, they were not yet versed in the "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" peculiar to the breed of politicians. They met in solemn conclave at Montreal, made up their minds as to what they would have, and stepped over to Ottawa to get it. Armed with votes? No! Political organization? Not a bit of it! Promise of political support? Perish the thought, that would be dragging temperance into politics. But armed with a petition—that parliamentary pin by which powerless, nerveless, defenceless minorities of every kind strive to prick their masters into a moment's attention. Parliament felt the puncture long enough to refer the matter to the Senate, and that venerable body produced the Scott Act.

Thereupon the temperance people hastened to aver that their monster convention had not been called, nor their endless petition signed, for the inconsequent purpose of securing a patched and elongated Dunkin Bill; to which Parliament blandly replied, that it was accustomed to be ruled by voting majorities and not altogether by petitions, and that for this reason the Scott Act was given to the petitioners, not so much in the form of a local option measure as a practical plebiscite on prohibition. Moreover, Parliament pledged its word that when a majority of the Canadian people evi-

denced their desire for prohibition by adopting this Canada Temperance Act, that the petitioners could again visit Ottawa and demand with confidence the enactment of a stringent and sweeping prohibitory law.

There was a plebiscite—an unfair one to prohibitionists, inasmuch as many of their people were opposed to local option on principle, and others could not be induced to risk a second Dunkin Act. It was also an intensely practical plebiscite, not a mere expression of opinion, but one that aroused all the desperate energies of the liquor traffic against it and held before the face of every pro-voter the certainty of immediate prohibition in his community at least. Further, it was a plebiscite with as binding a promise behind it as one parliament can make for another. The challenge was accepted. The hardy prohibitionists by the sea went right to work, and the magnetic fire of battle swept up along the Dominion until, in 1886, a majority of Canadians had registered their demand for prohibition. The figures are these. Omitting British Columbia, because without the necessary municipal machinery to vote on the Scott Act, the North-West Territories are under a prohibitory law of their own, and Quebec, already taught sobriety by a parish prohibition which the priests would allow to be replaced by no State enactment—there are in the Provinces of Ontario, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and Manitoba, ninety-four (94) counties, unions of counties and cities. Out of these fifty-eight (58), or about 62 per cent., have adopted the Scott Act, and thus declared for prohibition. The petitioners, those whose tongues had not been stilled during the long struggle, laid these facts before the Parliament of 1886-87, and that Parliament squarely rejected prohibition by a vote of 112 to 70.

There are still politicians who talk "plebiscite;" temperance men, too, who believe them. Surely it is time that the people learned that Parliament will not be bound by petition, pledge, nor plebiscite; but simply and solely by sending to its halls a majority of members who owe their election, not to the Liberal caucus nor the Conservative convention, but to the prohibitionist vote.

The Scott Act served another purpose, not at all intended by the politicians, nor even suspected at the time by the righteous men and women who were fighting this implacable liquor traffic with the cotton-wool of moral suasion, as, mayhap, the defenceless Roman mother strove to appease with a coaxing smile the frenzied, blood-thirsty Vandal invader, ere he tossed her quivering babe upon his brutal spear. This Scott Act carried the temperance question squarely into the domain of politics. In organizing to secure its adoption, Reformers and Conservatives learned that their political opponents were not such terrible fellows after all, and they were naturally quite ready, when the time came, to use these associations of men of opposite political faith to influence parliament for the perfectly legitimate purpose of securing necessary amendments to this Act which they had jointly carried. Parliament here made its master blunder in refusing to so amend the Act. In blunt English, the respectable and influential gentleman who had long secretly flattered himself that he made and unmade members of Parliament, was told by the man he had nominated and worked hard to elect that his desires were of no importance whatever when opposed to those of the narrow-browed ignoramus who retailed "beers" in a neighbouring groggery—when he could evade the law—and

made up the "claque" at the party convention. The entire mass of Scott Act associations trembled with indignation, and, sheathing themselves in the political axiom that if Parliament will not listen to reason it must to ballots, they marched boldly into the arena of politics. Forming about the standard of prohibition, they courageously challenged battle upon this field, dangerous with foot-falls, honey-combed with treachery, covered with a fog of machination, and heavily overhung with the storm-cloud of plotting and falsehood; while through the darkness from all directions came the red glare of the saloon window, marking the bivouac fires of the infernal soldiery who held the field, knowing its every death-trap, and rejoicing, owl-like, in the thickening darkness through which came few rays of truth to dazzle their eyes. A Toronto temperance convention considered ways and means, and suggested the Electoral Union Scheme; and, backed by this new accretion of practical ballot power, the Prohibition Alliance has pushed nearer success than ever before.

And now that the work of the Scott is done; exposing, first, the utter uselessness of the plebiscite; leading, in the second place, the hosts of temperance from rhetorical beating of air and heart-breaking anguish over the maudlin drunkard, to the real and final battle-ground of politics and the forging of "hard bullets from the ballot-box" for the drunkard maker; and, lastly, the giving of much valuable practice to our men in this newer and better conflict; it is not to be wondered at that the Great General has trumpeted the command to break camp and march onward.

Just here many will ask the question: Would it not have been better could we have held the Scott Act, and pushed our prohibition campaign from that vantage ground? The very fact that the Scott Act is being repealed by large majorities declares, in italics, that its operation has so hidden the horrors of the drink traffic that no small number of the electorate are ready to welcome again the licensed saloon in exchange for the constant excitement and turmoil of our intermittent enforcement. In fact, any partial law, enforced by political wire-pullers for the producing of surface effects, will cool public indignation against the traffic a hundred fold more rapidly than it will curtail the traffic itself.

Again, it is an unfortunate truth that there is a limit to the work and patience of too many moral reformers, while even the most stalwart find their keenness dulled and their energy slackened by a wearisome succession of failures. Very many of our noblest temperance workers are literally wearing out their generous hearts in vainly trying to storm the Gibraltar of rum with this miserable flint-lock of a law that hangs fire as often as it shoots. It is not only foolishly impolitic, but positively sinful, to thus fritter away the forces that God has raised up for the overthrow of wrong; and the spectacle of the mighty temperance masses of Canada, Church and Society and Alliance, waging a petty war against the be-towelled grog-retailers of the country, while the distillers, brewers, and wholesale merchants stand safely behind and pull the wires, is the exact counterpart of a powerful but short-sighted mastiff biting viciously at the end of a cane when he should raise his head and, with a bound of exultant victory, bury his teeth in the throat of the ruffian who has struck him.

Page after page might be filled with equally cogent reasons why the Canadian temperance forces must now move on from the Scott Act.

But another, and the most important, will suffice. The Scott Act has been for years a tender and beloved hostage in the camp of the politicians. Again and again have our temperance leaders hesitated to boldly declare war against one or both of our dominant political parties, lest that party should retaliate by repealing the Scott Act in the constituencies or slaying it in Parliament. Perhaps this curb upon the bolder spirits amongst us in the past has done no harm, but rather tended to hold in check the eager restless vanguard, until the regiments all along the line of battle were well "dressed up." But the day of drill is over, and amid the active campaigning of the future our light column must be cumbered with no perilous baggage, nor checked in the boldest charge upon the camp of any ally of the enemy by the lifting aloft as a living shield of the Scott Act as a child dear to many of our battalions. The situation condensed, it is a simple choice between going grandly ahead or going ignominiously to pieces.

And now after the Scott Act—what? During the chaotic decade of drill and preparation, it has been established that there must be courageous action wisely taken by an organized temperance people. The action is a necessity, and it would be a burlesque were it attempted without far-reaching and deeply rooted organization. As a mode of securing this solid phalanx, the elaborate Electoral Union system has been faithfully tried and practically abandoned, leaving an hiatus in the plan of campaign that must be filled in the very near future. But just here the province of a writer in the *METHODIST MAGAZINE* finds its limit. Politics—the government of the country—may be discussed; but partizanship must have no place in these pages. However, nothing better can be done in seeking guidance for this "part of the war between heaven and hell," than to turn to the "regimental orders" of every battalion of right, and find the advice of our Great General crystallized in these words:—"Wherefore come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." (2 Cor. vi. 17-18.)

TORONTO, May 1888.

"THESE THREE."

BE faithful, and the faithfulness in thee
 Shall cause rebellious souls that else might shirk
 Their daily round of God-appointed work
 To strive with unremitting constancy.

Be hopeful, and that hopefulness shall raise
 Despondent souls from depths of dark despair,
 Shall give them patience to be firm in prayer,
 To walk unquestioning Life's mysterious ways.

Faith, Hope, and Charity—a trinity
 Of guardian angels. Faith to look above;
 Hope to endeavour; last, white-pinioned Love,
 Long-suffering, kind—the greatest of the three.

PALESTINE IN THE TIME OF CHRIST.*

BY THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON.

ONE of the most interesting of studies is the social and religious life of Judaism, when Christianity, the ultimate and universal religion, was born, in short, the state of society in the midst of which Jesus was brought up. The work of Dr. Edmond Stapfer, of Paris, translated by Annie Harwood Holmden, covers this ground and is designed to facilitate the intelligent reading of the Gospels. It is no ordinary tribute to the scholarly genius and faithful accuracy of the learned author to be able to say that his valuable work has gone through three editions.

In his introduction he shows the three original sources from which he has gathered his important scientific and unbiased results, namely, the New Testament, the writings of Josephus and the Talmud. He regards Josephus as an indifferent historian and distrusts his autobiography, but believes that he was particularly well-informed about the siege of Jerusalem and regards his narrative as exact.

The Talmuds embody the traditions of the Jewish people. There are two Talmuds—the Talmud of Babylon and that of Jerusalem—and both are the complement and commentary of the Mishnah, the written code. Here is an inexhaustible source of information as to the life of the Jews in the first century. The first book treats of the social life, the second book, of the religious life, of the Jews. In taking up the geography of the Gospels he dwells upon Galilee, with its towns, Perea, Samaria, Judea, and Jerusalem, and gives a picture of the Capital, the centre of worship and of public life, that is remarkably vivid and accurate. His sketch of the Herods, of Pontius Pilate, vindictive, sceptical, irresolute, shows the hand of a master in the delineation of character, and he pays a tribute to the patriotism of the Jews during the frightful siege. The descriptions of home-life, the dwellings, clothing, food of the people, with all the details of daily life, are most interesting and helpful.

Our author considers the religious life of the Jews as represented in the two great parties in the lifetime of Christ, the Pharisees and the Sadducees. There were seven schools of the Pharisees, but they were subsequently divided into Right and Left. The Right became intolerant, bigoted, hypocritical, and full of inordinate self-esteem; the Left became a political party of fierce fanatics. The Sadducee was the practical epicurean, the man of religion without piety, always acting from motives of self-interest.

Upon the arrangements of the synagogues; the temple, with its courts and ceremonies, and priests; the great feasts, the Sabbath observances, the Law and the Prophets, upon all a flood of light is poured. One of the most

* *Palestine in the Time of Christ.* By EDMOND STAPFER, D.D., Professor in the Protestant Theological Faculty of Paris. Translated by ANNIE HARWOOD HOLMDEN. Third edition, with map and plans. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son, 714 Broadway.

interesting chapters in the entire volume is the account of the Essenes, their origin and name, their socialistic communism, their mysticism, and metaphysical speculations; they were the Darbyites of Judaism. Studying the life of Jesus, our author considers His appearance, His teaching, His entire life a miracle, and concludes, "In order to do away with Christianity to make it an effete religion, this one thing is needed, that one should come who should surpass Jesus, who should be greater than He. And this will never be. Hence we Christians dare to say that Christianity is eternal, that Christianity is the truth."

The work presents a vast amount of historic facts. The mere outline that we have presented gives but a shadowy conception of the value and wealth of its contents. "Palestine in the time of Christ" is the fruit of profound and patient research and wide-reaching study, it has both depth and breadth, and accuracy; it will take rank as a standard work, and be welcomed as one of the most stimulating and captivating helps to the study of the New Testament.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

THE METHODIST CHURCH—ANNUAL CONFERENCES.

TORONTO CONFERENCE.

The Toronto Conference assembled in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, and was one of great peace and harmony. The Rev. E. A. Stafford, D.D., was elected President, and the Rev. H. Johnston, B.D., was re-elected Secretary. All the sessions were remarkable for harmony. The routine business was quickly despatched. There was a little difference of opinion respecting the kind of wine which is most suitable for sacramental purposes. The arrest of the Rev. W. F. Wilson by a policeman, while waiting for a street car, gave rise to an animated discussion. The case will be adjudicated in one of the highest civil courts, when it will be proved that the Methodist people will not be trampled upon by men who should be peace preservers rather than peace disturbers.

Four brethren had died during the year, two of whom were superannu-

ates and had long borne the burden and heat of the day; another was a probationer, and the fourth was in the active work. Their names are Rev. E. Wood, D.D., H. Wilkinson, W. T. Norman and G. T. Richardson.

There was a sufficient number of candidates to supply all ministerial vacancies and allow a goodly number to attend college. A brother who withdrew from the Conference less than two years ago, and went to the United States, now returned and desired to be restored to his former place. He was admitted, and will henceforth spend his energies in promoting Methodism in Canada.

There were several items of gratifying prosperity reported. For instance, the increase in the membership of more than 3,000; also 7,876 more scholars were reported in the Sunday-schools. In Toronto, four churches are in course of erection. The corner-stone of one was laid during the sessions of Conference.

The Committee on the State of the Work presented a valuable report. All forms of amusement, no matter by what name known, are strictly condemned "when they become so absorbing as to leave little time or taste for religion."

LONDON CONFERENCE.

This Conference met in Queen's Avenue Church, London. The Rev. Jas. Graham was elected President, and the Rev. J. G. Scott, Secretary. Four ministers sought for and obtained superannuation, one of whom, the venerable Dr. Sanderson, had been in the ministry fifty-one years, and had long held a prominent position.

The evening of Saturday was occupied with a series of evangelistic services in several of the city churches, which were seasons of great spiritual power, and such services tend greatly to promote the spiritual interests of the Church. The Sabbath was a memorable day. Dr. Williams, General Superintendent, preached the ordination sermon, and Dr. Douglas occupied the pulpit in the evening, and preached with great power.

Alma College is within the bounds of this Conference. Its success has been great. The number of applicants for admission is so numerous that the building is being enlarged. This is gratifying, and is a proof of the deep interest felt in the higher education of women.

For some cause, which is not assigned, the increase of members within the bounds of the Conference is only seventy-three. It was gratifying to learn that seventy-three new Sunday-schools had been formed, and that 15,295 conversions had taken place in the schools, and 32,627 of the scholars were meeting in class.

NIAGARA CONFERENCE.

Norwich was chosen as the seat of this Conference. The people were delighted to have the honour of entertaining so many representatives of the Church. Rev. W. J. Maxwell

was elected President, and the Rev. T. W. Jackson, Secretary. Two ministers withdrew from the Conference and another was suspended for one year. One was placed on the superannuated list, and another was restored to the active work. Death has been busy during the year, hence the names of the Revs. S. J. Hunter, D.D., J. S. Evans, D.D., and G. Washington are now added to the list of our righteous dead. Bro. W. had long lived in retirement, but the two first were well known as brethren of distinguished ability.

The Stationing Committee, as in other Conferences, experienced much difficulty in adjusting the appointments to the Circuits. The invitation system, which has now become so prevalent, is a cause of apprehension to some lest it should destroy the bond of union which should exist among the ministers.

A Sustentation Fund has been established in this as in other Conferences, but the amount of the collections was so small that grants could only be made which gave \$550 to married ministers. This is at least \$200 too little.

The Committee on the State of the Work recommended the holding of Conventions to promote personal piety and adopt means to extend Christian work, and urged upon ministers the duty of preaching more frequently on systematic beneficence. Strong resolutions were adopted respecting Sabbath desecration, which has become one of the great sins of the day.

It is gratifying to record the fact that the report on the Sunday-schools is full of encouraging items. For instance, one thousand conversions are reported, and about \$3,000 has been raised for missions. This Conference, like all others, is sound on the temperance question. Prohibition is called for, and intoxicating wine is to be banished from the Lord's table.

The ordination service on Sabbath was one of great interest. Four young men were ordained to the full work of the ministry.

There was an increase of seven hundred and twenty-five in the membership of the Church, and \$1,151 in the missionary income. All the funds report an increase except one.

GUELPH CONFERENCE.

The Guelph Conference met at Seaforth, for the first time in its history. The people gave evidence of their appreciation of the honour by attending all the services in great numbers. A member of the Conference, Dr. Cornish, said in the love-feast, "twenty-nine years ago I preached the first sermon in this town, then a small village."

The Conference elected for its President the Rev. G. Richardson, and for its Secretary the Rev. J. C. Stevenson. As several other Conferences were in session, the Conference sent its greetings, to which appropriate responses were returned. One minister, who went to the United States intending to settle there, returned and asked to be reinstated. His request was granted. Five candidates were received on trial. Four ministers were added to the list of superannuates. Only one minister had died during the year.

This Conference has the honour of reporting the largest increase in the membership, viz., 5,558. The funds are prosperous, except the Contingent, which is slightly in arrears.

BAY OF QUINTE CONFERENCE.

This Conference met in the town of Lindsay, which is the first time that such an ecclesiastical gathering was held in the town. As in most other places, members of other churches most heartily entertained members of the Conference. Some of the pulpits were also occupied by them on the Sabbath. Rev. M. Pearson was elected President, and the Rev. J. J. Rice, Secretary.

Only one death was reported, but it was sufficient to cast a gloom over the Conference. Chancellor Nelles was no ordinary man, and as Victoria University is situated within the bounds of this Conference, his death could not be but keenly felt.

Indeed, all the Conferences adopted resolutions of a sympathetic character bearing thereon. His works follow him, and his name will long be fragrant.

A great number of Circuits sent memorials asking assistance on behalf of their ministers, and one District recommended the Contingent Fund Committee to pay all deficiencies that were below \$700.

One church is so embarrassed that permission was granted to solicit subscriptions on its behalf.

Revs. D. O. Crossley and G. H. Dewey, who had been labouring as evangelists during the year, were recommended to the Stationing Committee to be continued in the same work.

In addition to Victoria University, Albert College is within the bounds of this Conference, and from the reports presented, the college is well worthy of support. Chancellor Burwash stated that he considered it by far the best institution for those to attend who wish to undergo a preparatory course of study prior to entering the ministry.

The Committee on Statistics reported an increase in the membership of 1,584, and a good increase in the Missionary and Superannuation Funds.

MONTREAL CONFERENCE.

This Conference, which comprises all the Province of Quebec and the eastern portion of Ontario, held its sessions in Dominion Square Church, Montreal. The introductory prayer meeting, which forms a part of the religious services at all the Conferences, was a good preparation for the work of the Conference. Rev. J. W. Sparling, B.D., was elected to the Presidential chair, and the Rev. S. Bond was appointed Secretary.

The Sustentation Fund on behalf of poor ministers elicited considerable discussion. Some wanted a tax on ministers' incomes, beyond a certain amount, but it was ultimately decided to depend entirely on voluntary subscriptions.

The Reformed Episcopal Church Synod sent a letter of greeting to the Conference, and a suitable reply was sent in response.

A deputation visited the Conference from the Congregational Union, which was in session in Montreal, and the Conference reciprocated by sending a deputation to the Union. Such fraternal visits tend greatly to promote the spirit of Christian union which should exist in all branches of the Christian church.

Twelve candidates were received on trial; this is the largest number received by any Conference this year. Eight probationers were allowed to attend college, and ten were received into full connexion and ordained.

An interesting report was presented respecting the missions on the Canadian Pacific Railway. Sites for churches and parsonages have been given by the Company at three places, and free passes had been granted to the missionaries while travelling to and fro in their respective fields of labour.

A lengthy conversation was held on Evangelistic Work, which will, it is hoped, be followed by practical results. Several members of Conference favoured the idea of securing a central hall in Montreal for evangelistic work. The Rev. H. F. Bland has already secured \$2,000 towards the project. The scheme is worthy of support. An increase of 2,257 is reported in the membership. A gratifying item in the Sabbath-school report was that 6,000 teachers and scholars had signed the total abstinence pledge; another was that 1,413 conversions had taken place in the schools. The increase of scholars is 2,998.

BRITISH COLUMBIA CONFERENCE.

This Conference was held in New Westminster. The Rev. E. Robson, the only pioneer remaining among the missionaries, was re-elected President, and the Rev. Jos. Hall was elected the second time to the Secretariat. Two probationers were received into full connexion. The

Conference is largely missionary in its character, and several of its members labour among the Indian tribes. A native Indian, W. H. Pierce, is an efficient missionary. A training school for Indian boys is about to be established at Port Simpson, and on its behalf Mr. Pierce spoke so effectively that more than \$1,500 was collected at various services during the sessions of Conference. The increase in the membership of the Church is 522, which is, we think, very creditable. The work is extending; two new domestic missions are to be established, and several others also among the Indians. Our readers will be interested to know that the minister stationed at New Westminster, and who is Financial Secretary of the District, is a son of the late Rev. E. White, one of the first missionaries in British Columbia more than thirty years ago. More labourers are required in the Conference. Eight places are reported "to be supplied."

The Conference has just cause to complain of the manner in which Methodist missionaries have been treated by government officials, and their mode of procedure towards the Indians. Other Conferences have also called the attention of the Dominion Government to these matters, and it is to be hoped that there will not be such cause for complaint in future.

Most of the Conferences were visited by deputations of ladies from the Woman's Missionary Society and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Their genial presence and inspiring words were most cordially received. Such visits afford a fine opportunity for the members of the Conferences to gain a better knowledge of what the women of the Church are doing in their respective spheres.

Several distinguished brethren visited other Conferences than those of which they are members. Their pulpit and platform addresses were most cordially received. In this connection, mention must be made of the Revs. Dr. Douglas, Dr.

Dewart and Dr. Stafford. The beloved Japan brother, Rev. Hiraiwa Yoshizau, was also present at some of the Conferences, and his thrilling addresses, respecting the progress of Christianity in the empire of the Rising Sun, will not soon be forgotten. Dr. Briggs, the Book Steward, and the editors of the *Christian Guardian* and *MAGAZINE* attended or reported to the Conferences in their official capacity, and greatly pleased the brethren with the accounts they gave respecting their departments. All were especially glad to learn from the Book Steward that he was able this year to donate \$6,000 of profits to the Superannuation Fund. He, however, expects that greater efforts will henceforth be made in all the Circuits and Mis-

sions to extend the publications of the Book Room. In no other way can money be secured for the Superannuation Fund.

The General Superintendents were almost ubiquitous, and still they were not able to reach all the Conferences. They are always welcome visitors, and though they could not tarry long, their expositions of discipline and their labours in the pulpit and on the platform greatly endeared them to the Conferences.

The compiler craves the indulgence of the readers of the *MAGAZINE*, as he found it to be exceedingly difficult to combine completeness with brevity. Notes will be furnished respecting other Conferences next month.

Book Notices.

The Bible Doctrine of Inspiration Explained and Vindicated. By BASIL MANLY, D.D., LL.D. 12mo, pp. 266. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.25.

No subject is now attracting more attention than the question of the Inspiration of the Scriptures, what it is and what it means. About this question is being fought more strenuously than about any other the great battle between infidelity and Christian belief. Dr. Manly has been for five and twenty years a lecturer on this subject in the Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Kentucky. He gives here the result of his ripened thought and study on this important theme. He presents first a summary of the different views held on mechanical, partial, natural, universal and plenary inspiration. By the latter he means that the Bible as a whole is the Word of God, so that in every part of Scripture there is both infallible truth and Divine authority. This theory he holds, and for it he educes cogent argument. He shows that this plenary inspiration is not mechanical, nor destructive of consciousness or individuality,

nor a mere elevation of natural faculties, nor a perfect knowledge of all subjects. It does not imply exemption from error in conduct, nor prevent errors of transcription. He gives the evidence, presumptive and direct, of this plenary inspiration of Scripture, and meets the objections arising from the existence of difficulties, from alleged discrepancies and mistakes, objections arising from textual and, so called, higher criticism, and objections on scientific grounds. It will be apparent from this *résumé* that this is a book for the times—a book for the people—a book brief and concise, yet strong and cogent—a book which we heartily commend to both the devout believer and the honest doubter.

Christian Archæology. By CHARLES W. BENNETT, D.D., with an Introductory Notice by DR. FERDINAND PIPER. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 558. Price \$3.50.

We have for a long time been waiting with eager anticipation for the appearance of this book. We had good reason to expect that it would be the most important contri-

bution to the science of Christian archæology that America has yet produced. And we are not disappointed. Few men living have so admirable a preparation and equipment for the elucidation of this subject as Professor Bennett. He has made it a special study for many years under the best guidance, notably under that of Professor Piper, of the University of Berlin. Dr. Bennett treats the whole subject in a very comprehensive manner. He discusses first the archæology of Christian art with a careful examination of the early Christian paintings, mosaics, sculpture, etc., and a study of their symbolism. Early Christian architecture, epigraphy, poetry and hymnology are also fully discussed, and with masterly discrimination and skill. Book II. treats of the constitution and government of the early Christian Church, including its offices and officers, synods and councils, and church discipline. Book III. discusses the sacraments and worship of the early Church, dealing fully with the art and other evidence as to Baptism, the Lord's Supper, the early liturgies and the observance of the Sabbath, Easter and other festivals. The last book discusses the archæology of Christian life, the family, the relations of the Church to slavery, to civil and military life, to organized charities, to education and culture, and to the care of the dead. Very copious indexes and other addenda make this valuable work admirably adapted for reference. From the above enumeration it will be seen how wide is the scope of this book. We can only add that the treatment is worthy of the theme. The book is copiously illustrated, and is a noble addition to the standard library of biblical and theological literature now in course of publication by the Methodist Book Concern, New York. This work, and the whole series of which it is a part, will be a lasting monument of Methodist scholarship and culture. We regret that the time and space at our command will not permit at present of more adequate review of Professor Bennett's masterly work.

Introduction to the Study of Philosophy. By J. H. W. STUCKENBERG, D.D. 8vo, pp. 419. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$2.00.

This book, the author tells us, was not written for philosophers, but for those who desire to prepare themselves for philosophic pursuits. Its purpose is to concentrate and crystallize the thoughts which have been confused and bewildered by the perplexing problems of philosophy and by the antagonistic views in different systems, and thus to prepare the thinker for a new and more vigorous start in philosophic researches. We judge that this purpose has been admirably subserved. The author treats, among other things, the relation of philosophy to religion, to natural science and to empirical psychology. He discusses also the theory of knowledge (noetics), metaphysics, aesthetics, and ethics and the spirit and method in the study of philosophy.

Methodism and Anglicanism in the Light of Scripture and History. By T. G. WILLIAMS, Methodist Minister. Pp. 282. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 75 cents.

Mr. Williams has rendered valuable service to the cause of truth by the issue of this timely book. He successfully disposes of the unhistoric figment of the ecclesiastical continuity of the Church of England from the early Christian centuries. He shows that the theory of the tactual communication of apostolic grace has as little to support it in history as it has in common sense. He exposes a number of the fantastic claims of the Romanizing High Church party, and that by copious citation from numerous writers of unimpeachable authority. He applies a number of tests of a true Church life and order, and amply vindicates the status and validity of Methodism and its institutions beyond all cavil or doubt of any candid mind. We shall have occasion hereafter to return to this subject,

and to lay this important work under further contribution. Professor W. I. Shaw contributes a vigorous introduction. This book has a mission which it well fulfils.

How to Judge of a Picture: Familiar Talks in the Gallery with the Uncritical Lovers of Art. By JOHN C. VAN DYKE. Chautauqua Press, Toronto: William Briggs. Price 75 cents.

The second title of this book well describes its character. It is just such a book as we have often wished as a guide when going through a great gallery of paintings. In simple, untechnical language, the author, who is an accomplished art critic, explains the laws of colour and harmony, of tone and gradation, of perspective and atmosphere, of values, of textures and qualities, of drawing and form, of composition, and of the other elements which go to make up a good picture. While we will not guarantee that the reading of this book will make a connoisseur, it will certainly enable one to much more intelligently enjoy the noble ministrations of art.

An Outline History of Greece. By JOHN H. VINCENT and JAMES R. JOY. Chautauqua Press, Toronto: William Briggs. Price 50 cents.

This is another of those useful text-books of history to which the Chautauqua course of readings has given rise. It is based on Dr. Vincent's smaller text-book, and will give a very clear and concise account of one of the most interesting periods, and one of the noblest civilizations of history.

From Lands of Exile. By PIERRE LOTI. Translated from the French. By CLARA BELL. New York: William Gottsberger. Pp. xviii-301. Price 90 cents.

This is another volume of the fine foreign library that the Gottsberger

press is issuing—all of them classics in their way. The present volume is a series of letters from the East—China, Singapore, Malabar, etc.—to an accomplished lady in Paris. They are marked by that airy grace and elegance which is so striking a note of the best Parisian style—a style which adds to the value of the thing said by the charm in the manner of saying it.

Five Discourses on Future Punishment, preached in Grace Church, Kansas City, Mo. By THE RECTOR. New York: Thomas Whitaker. Price 75 cents.

The writer of these thoughtful sermons on one of the most solemn of subjects discusses with devout and reverent feeling the different theories which obtain as to the future state—the theories of final restoration, of eternal probation, of everlasting misery, and of final destruction. This latter, generally known under the phrase "conditional immortality," he accepts and defends; accepting also in part the theory of future probation. We deem the writer in error in his exposition, but the moral earnestness of the sermons is intense.

Woman: Her Power and Privileges. A Series of Twelve Sermons. By REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE. New York: J. S. Ogilvie & Co. Price 25 cents.

No sermons are so widely read as those of this eloquent Brooklyn divine. The present series is in his best style, and on topics of vital importance.

Rest or Unrest: A Story of the Parisian Sabbath in America. By Sarah J. Jones. Cloth. Pp. 260. Price 90 cents. New York: Phillips & Hunt.

This book, in literary interest, is inferior to that last noted; but its theme is of much importance, and its lessons are strongly enforced.

Any of the standard works noticed in this department may be ordered through WILLIAM BRIGGS, 78 & 80 King Street East Toronto. In ordering, please give the date of the MAGAZINE in which the book was noticed.



THE SWEDES CARRYING THE DEAD BODY OF CHARLES XII. FROM FREDERICKSHALL.—AFTER C. CEDERSTROM.